THE MASSACRE OF PARIS: A TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the

Theatre Royal

BY THEIR

MAJESTIES SERVANTS.

Written by *Nat. Lee*, Gent.

LONDON,

Printed for *R. Bentley* and *M. Magnes* at the the Post-House in *Russel-street* in *Covent-Garden*. 1690.

THE MASSACRE OF PARIS:

A

TRAGEDY.

Theatre Royal

PROLOGUE

By Mr. *Mountfort.*

THis day we ſhew you the moſt Bloody rage
That ever did Religious Fiends engage,
A Reconcilement, with a Wedding-Feaſt,
While Murther was the Treat for every Gueſt,
Which well may prove to Ages yet to come,
The Faith of France, *the Charity of* Rome,
France *by the moſt deteſtable Perjury,*
Enſlav'd its Subjects who by Laws were free.
No Sacrament can this Great Hero bind,
Oaths are weak Shackles for his mighty Mind,
And worſe than Heathens does he perſecute.
His Prieſts want Senſe and Learning to diſpute;
But weak Divines by ſtrong Dragoons confute:
And who-e're doubts of any Prieſtly Maggot,
The Heretick Dog muſt be convinc'd by Faggot.
With Rome's *Religion and* French *Government,*
What Slave ſo abject as to be content?
Now, idle Malecontent, what is't you'd have?
Would you be an Idolater or Slave?
What d'you murmur for, becauſe you're free,
And this bleſs'd Iſle enjoys its Liberty?
Croſs but the Narrow Seas, and you will find
Slavery and Superſtition to your mind.
Take with you all your Friends that grumble too,
The Land will happily be rid of You;
Then all as one with our Great Prince combin'd,
And his Allies by Sacred Union joyn'd:
Will ſuch falſe Bloody Tyrants oppoſe,
Till none ſhall dare to own the Name of Foes?

Perſonæ Dramatis

King *Charles* IX.	Mr. *Mountfort.*
Duke of *Guiſe.*	Mr. *Williams.*
Cardinal of *Lorrain.*	Mr. *Kynaſton.*
Duke of *Anjou.*	Mr. *Pruet.*
Alberto Gondi.	Mr. *Harris.*
Lignoroles.	Mr. *Bowen.*
Admiral of *France.*	Mr. *Betterton.*
Cavagnes.	Mr. *Freeman.*
Langoiran.	Mr. *Alexander.*
Queen Mother.	Mrs. *Betterton.*
Marguerite.	Mrs. *Barry.*
Queen of *Navarre.*	Mrs. *Knight.*
Antramont Wife to the Admiral.	Mrs. *Jorden.*
Genius.	Mr. *Bowman.*

SCENE *PARIS.*

THE MASSACRE OF PARIS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Duke of Guise, *Cardinal of* Lorraine, Marguerite.

Gui. JUST from your Arms, by this great Guardian rais'd,
Call'd to the Council of a wary King,
On whom depends the Fortune of *Lorraine*,
O, *Marguerite*, yet to drag at this,
After such full possession thus to languish:
If this be not to love thee, say what is!
Cease then the rolling Torrent of thy Tears,
Which when I strive to climb the Hill of Honour,
Washes my hold away, and drives me down
Beneath Man's Scorn, into the vale of Ruine.

Mar. Hear, hear him, O you Powers, because I love him
Above my Life, beyond all joys on Earth,
He says I am his Ruine; to my Face,
With a Court Metaphor, he Vows he loaths me.
For all Men hate their Ruine; nay, 'tis true,
I find your Falshood; 'tis the trick of great ones,
Like Beasts of Strength, to prey upon the Weakest.

Gui. I swear——

Mar. O, do not, dear, Ambitious *Guise*;
For Perjury so necessary seems
To great Men's Oaths, thou must of course be damn'd;

Yet as I am, thus plung'd in this diſhonour,
Like a fall'n Angel roll'd through all my Hells,
I cannot hate thee, *Guiſe*, but ſighing far,
Far from the ſhining Clime where I was born,
I beg thoſe cruel Fates that hurl'd me down
To pity thee, and keep thee from my ruine:
For I'm ſo curs'd, that I do not wiſh my Foe,
Much leſs the Man I love above the World.

Gui. As I love thee, and O be Witneſſes
My Brain and Soul, there's not an Artery
That runs through all the Body of thy *Guiſe*,
But beats where e're it paſs *Marguerite*;
Yet this is nothing: haſte away, my Lord;
Go tell the King and Council I am ſick;
For I'le to Bed again, or on a Couch
Sit gazing in her beauteous Eyes all day,
And let the buſineſs of a grave World paſs.

Mar. No more, my Lord; you ſhall, you ſhall to Council:
I ſee 'tis neceſſary; but I find
My Soul preſages Miſchief, if not Murder;
For if you ſhould prove falſe, Crowns, Kingdoms, Empires,
Worlds ſhould not ſave poor *Marguerite* from the Grave.
Ah, *Guiſe*, ah venerable *Lorrain*, view me,
Behold me on the Earth, I ſwear I love
As never Woman lov'd; I'm all a Brand,
With, or without you, I am ne're at reſt:
Farewel; this Fever of my furious paſſion
Burns me to Madneſs, yet I ſay, farewel.

Gui. Farewel. Yet why farewel, when e're the Evening
I ſhall again ruſh to eternal Sweets,
This boſom of the Spring!

[Marguerite *going out.*]

[Mar. *returning.*] What, no endearments at ſo ſad a parting!
Alas, perhaps I ne're ſhall ſee you more.
You bow'd, you kiſs'd, but did not preſs my hand;
You ſhou'd, like me, have ſtagger'd when you left me,
And eat your *Marguerite* with your hungry Eyes;
But you are cold and pall'd, a lukewarm Lover,
Muſt to the buſineſs of the curſed State,
Which will not let you think of dying *Marguerite*,
Who to her laſt gaſp will remember you.
But ſee, I rave again, my Fits return:
Yet pity me, for oh, I burn, I burn. [*Exit.*

Car. I think I never heard ſo fierce a Paſſion:
She's all Convulſion, and ſhe gazes on you,

As

As you would do on him that kill'd your Father.
What have you done, my Lord, to make her thus?
Gui. Causes are endless for a Woman's loving.
Perhaps she has seen me break a Lance on Horse-back,
Or, as my Custom is, all over Arm'd,
Plunge in the *Seine* or *Loire*; and where 'tis swiftest
Plow too my point against the headlong Stream.
Tis certain, were my Soul of that soft make
Which some believe, she has Charms, my Heav'nly Uncle,
Beyond the Art and Wit of *Cleopatra*:
Such was not she stretch'd in her Golden Barge,
As *Marguerite* was last Night in Bed,
Who, as she mourn'd at my unkind delay,
Hung all the Chambers round with Black; her Bed,
Her Coverings, nay, her Sarsnet Sheets were Black——
Car. Fy, fy, my Lord.
Gui. And for the Weathers heat
Were roll'd beneath the beauties of her Breasts,
Which with a White, more pure than new-fall'n Snow,
Would sure have tempted Hermits from their Orgies,
To nod and smile a little at the wonder.
Car. Come, come, my Lord, you anger me indeed,
Not for the Sin, that's as the Conscience makes it;
I had rather you should Whore a thousand Women,
Than love but one, thô in a lawful way:
Shew me through all Memorials of Great Men,
Except the Partner of the *Roman* Empire,
Drooping *Antonius*, and the fam'd *Decemvir*,
One that e're bow'd before this little Idol!
Gui. First know your Man, before your Application:
I love, 'tis true; but most for my Ambition;
Therefore I thought to marry *Marguerite*;
But, oh, that *Cassiopeia* in the Chair,
The Regent Mother, and that Dog *Anjou*;
Cross Constellations blast my Plots e're born:
The King too frowns upon me; for last night,
Hearing a Ball was promis'd by the Queen,
I came to help the Show; when at the Door
The King, who stood himself the Centry, stopt me,
And ask'd me what I came for? I reply'd,
To serve his Majesty: He, sharp and short,
Retorted thus; He did not need my Service.
Car. 'Tis plain, you must resolve, my Lord, to quit her;
For I am charg'd to tell you, she's design'd
To be the Wife of *Henry* of *Navarre*.

'Tis the main Beam in all that Mighty Engin
Which now begins to move so dreadfully
Against the Heads of the Rebellious Faction.

Gui. I have it, and methinks it looks like *D'Ava*,
I see the very motion of his Beard,
His opening Nostrils, and his dropping Lids;
I hear him Croak too, to the King and Queen,
In *Biscays Bay*, at *Bayonne*,
Fish for the Great fish; take no care for Frogs:
Cut off the Poppy-heads: lay the Winds fast,
And streight the Waves (the People) will be still.

Car. Then you will leave her!

Gui. Hurl her to the Sea!
The Air, the Earth, or Elemental fire,
So I may see *Chastilion* in the Net.
Oh that Whale-Admiral: might I but view him,
After his thousand Fetches, Plots, and Plunges,
Struck on those Scouring Shallows which await him,
Furies and Hell, and I, stand by to gall him;
Were *Marguerite* all one World of Pleasure,
I'de sell her, and my Soul, for such Revenge.

Car. Speak lower.

Gui. What, upon my Father's Death!
O glorious *Guise*, be calm upon thy Murder!
No; I will hollow my Revenge so loud,
That his great Ghost shall hear me up to Heav'n.
In height of Honours, oh, to fall so basely,
When *Orleance* was block't up, and Conquest Crown'd thee,
By damn'd *Poltrot* so villainously slain,
Poltrot, by *Beza*, and this curs'd Admiral,
Set on with hopes of Infinite Rewards
Here and hereafter, so to blast thy Glory!
O, I could pull my bursting Eye-balls forth,
But that they may one day prove Basilisks
To that detested Head of all these Broils,
Then Tortures, Racks and Death shall close thy wound,
Kill him in Riots, Pride, and Lust of Pleasures,
That I may add Damnation to the rest,
And foil his Soul and Body both together.

Car. Behold your Brother, and the Duke *Delbeuf*,
Mercour too comes; this outrage will undo us.

Gui. No, not at all; fair'st in good terms.
O my good Lords, what if the Admiral
Stood here before you; should he scape our Justice?
I see by each man's laying of his hand

Upon

Upon his Sword, you now the like Revenge:
For me, I wiſh that both mine may rot off.——
Car. No more; away, my Lords: the King calls for you.
Gui. I go. That Vermin may devour my limbs,
That I may dy like the late puking King
Under the Barber's hands, Impoſthumes choak me,
If while alive I ceaſe to chew his ruin,
To hang him in Effigie, nay to tread,
Drag, ſtamp, and grind him, after he is dead. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Cabinet Council.

Table with Lights on it. [*A Chamber beyond it.*]

Queen Mother, Anjou *aſleep.*

Q. M. O my *Anjou*, the Wheels of this New Ruin
Go wrong, for want of one that knows to drive;
He ſits too light upon the whirling Throne,
And totters, with the diſmal proſpect, down:
Young *Charles*, a ſmart ſuſpicious doubtful Boy,
But, *Charles*, you muſt be rul'd in this dark Road,
Or with the Lightning of my Fatal Power,
Which never cracks nor claps, I'le melt thee down,
For ever loſt amongſt the Maſs of Things,
That thou the Darling of my doating Soul,
The Price of my Eternal thought, may'ſt mount
Like *Nero*, tho' at *Agrippina's* Ruine,
But ſee the King with the new Count of *Alberti*:
Let us withdraw, it may be worth our hearing.

Enter King *with* Alberto Gondi.

King. Alberto Gondi.
Alb. Sir!
King. I think thou lov'ſt me.
Alb. More than my life.
King. That's much, yet I believe thee.
My Mother has the Judgment of the World,
And all things move by that; but my *Alberto*,
She has cruel Wit, and, let me tell thee,

Thus

Thus to deſtroy the Souldiers of the Kingdom;
Famous as ever fought for *Rome* or *Greece*,
Under a ſhadow of a thouſand Oaths;
'Tis Barbarous, *Alberto*, is it not?
And ſeems to me unworthy of a King.

Alb. The Provocation, Sir.

King. I know it well.
But if thoud'ſt have my heart within thy hand,
I ſwear, Conſpiracies of that foul Nature
For ever blot the Memory of Kings.
What Honours, Intereſt, with the World to buy him,
Shall make a brave Man ſmile and do a Murder?
Therefore I hate the Treachery of *Brutus*,
I mean the latter ſo cry'd up in Story:
Whom none but Cowards and White-Liver'd-Knaves
Would dare commend, lagging behind his Fellows,
His Dagger in his———Stab'd his Father.
This is a Blot, the *Ciceronian* Stile
Could ne're wipe off, tho' the Man
(Miſtaken in his Love, for *Brutus* ſcorn'd him)
Makes bold to call thoſe Traytors Men Divine.

Alb. Tully was Wiſe, but wanted Conſtancy.

King. He did, *Alberto*. Heark, but one thing more,
For much I love thee, and would fain unburden
My Soul of half her Cares on ſuch a Man,
So good.

Alb. My ever Dear and Honour'd Maſter.

King. No more of that. I'le tell thee then: laſt night,
As I lay toſſing in a Feveriſh Dream,
I call'd for Drink; when ſtreight my Mother brought it;
But as ſhe reach'd it to my trembling Lips,
Methought her Eyes roll'd gaſtly upon me,
A Palſey ſhook her hand; yet I reſolv'd,
Took off the Draught, when ſtreight a fainting ſeiz'd me,
My Eyes wept Blood, my Ears, my Noſe and Mouth
Pour'd forth whole Streams, and all my Sweat was Blood,
My Hair and Nails dropt off as *Autumn* Leaves,
When Tempeſts riſe, fall from the wither'd Trees:
But, oh, the Fancy ſeems ſo much unnatural,
I'll think no more on't; yet I thought to tell thee,
Becauſe ſhe is a Woman whom no Art
Nor Wiſdom of the World can ever fathom.

Alb. O my Gracious Lord,
Judge not the Queen by Dreams, and vain Chimæra's;
Remember, Sir, how often in your Nonage

She

She manag'd with her Wit the weight of Empire,
Contending with th' Effects of blind Religion,
The Contumacy of Rebellious Subjects,
The deep dissimulation of the Court,
The want of Treasure, baffling with her Prudence
The utmost strength Ambition rais'd to gain her.

King. O Count of *Rhetz*, thou lead'st me through the Garden
Of every Grace, but dar'st not point her Weeds:
Is she not of a most deceitful Soul;
Perfidious even to violating Vows?
Is she not greedy too of Human Blood?
A Wit wasteful in destroying Lives,
That she will turn a City to a Wild?

Qu. M. Good Morrow, Sir! 'Tis just the time you order'd,
I think the second Watch; and we are met
To wait on your Decrees.

King. O Mother, Mother,
You have imbark'd me in a Sea of Blood;
And sure so damnable an Enterprise
Was never form'd by Man.

Qu. M. If, Sir, you fear it,
Why give it o're, and let the Admiral Reign,
Call in the *Hugonots*, and drive your Friends,
Banish your Blood, and the Establish'd Peers,
Forget the long Succession of your Fathers,
The Throne of Kings, forget the Laws, Religion,
Cut off the Noble Spirits from your Council;
And from the Dregs of this Heretical Faction
Compose a Bastard Cabinet-Election,
Let Knaves in Shops prescribe you how to Sway,
They read your Acts, with hardned thumbs
'Em out, or with their stinking Breath
Proclaim aloud they like not this or that;
Then in a drove come lowing to the *Louvre*,
And say, they'l have it mended, that they will,
Or you shall be no King.

King. 'Tis true the People
Ne're know a Mean when once they get the Power.

Qu. M. Did you not late dispatch by *Lodowick*
Thus to the Admiral, with Vows of Honour,
That young *Navarre* should streight Espouse your Sister,
So to root up all Seeds of least Suspicion;
And that those Nuptials should be solemniz'd
At *Paris*, to be bound with deepest Oaths?

King. Yet, Madam, I must fear; for, should it fail,

We

We should be less than our worst Foes could wish us,
The Poultron Court, the Scorn, the laughing Stock
Of all the Christian and the Barbarous World.

Qu. M. No, Sir, you cannot fear the sure Design,
But you're in fear of those that are about you:
You fear ev'n Me; but I have liv'd too long,
Since my own Bowels, nay, my very Heart-Strings,
(For so I always lov'd and priz'd my Children)
Dare not confide in her that gave 'em Being.

King. Stay, Madam, stay, come back, forgive my fears,
Forgive my sifting Soul her narrow Searches,
Where all our Thoughts should creep like deepest Streams;
For know, I hate the Haughty Admiral,
And all his curst Accomplices to Death.

Qu. M. What brings the Cardinal of *Lorrain* from *Rome*?

King. That the new Pope is fully satisfy'd;
I sent the Legate too that Diamond Ring,
With this close Motto writ within the Gold:
By this, my solid Zeal I own;
And Blood can never melt it down.

Anj. A murd'ring Sentence for the *Huguenots*.

King. And which so clear'd the matter, that the Pope
Order'd a Dispensation for the Marriage.

Qu. M. Behold the Duke of *Guise*, and Cardinal:
'Twere fit you send his Eminence to *Rochel*,
T'acquaint the Admiral of a War with *Spain*,
And that the Plot we form'd for the *Low-Countries*
Against the Catholick King, should streight be acted.

King. O Mother, oh, what's this that rends my heart,
That rides my Nights, and clouds my Days with horror?
Is it not Conscience? which sometimes appears
Like a She Wolf, in *Jane* of *Albert*'s Shape,
And drags me on the Floor; now in the form
Of that old Lyon Admiral, it comes,
And grins, and roars, just gaping to devour me.

Qu. M. Why, let him: when his Throat is cut we'll trust him:
Clear up this furrow'd Brow. Believe me, Sir,
You'l see him shortly where you need not fear him;
For, should he stay behind the Queen and Princess,
Doubting the Marriage, fill'd with boding fears,
The War with *Spain* will so bewitch his Glory,
And lull his proud Ambition, that should Fate,
Which awes him now, leap up more terrible,
He'll follow with a speed shall make him foremost,
And scorn a Grave.

King

King. O, tis a dreadful Image;
Yet when his brains are pash'd I shall be still,
The Morning rises, yet I cannot rest;
Like those eternal Lamps that wink above;
Methinks, O Mother, I could watch for ever.
Once more let me conjure you, all be hush'd,
Be secret on this horrid Consultation,
As Urns and Monuments, that never blab.
Gui. Therefore let's lye like Furies on the watch,
As if it were an ambush for the World.
King. With Claws lock'd in, like Lions, couch to tear 'em,
Our Mother, thou so fierce upon the slaughter,
Direct thy Brood; we will not stir nor breath:
But when thou giv'st the Word, then start away,
Rush from the Shade, and make 'em all our prey. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Admiral, Cavagnes, Langoiran.

Adm. YOur Reasons are to all appearance fair;
Like *Eden*'s Fruit, the Tempter hangs 'em forth,
But there's a canker-Queen within the Core,
That eats *Colignie*'s firmest hopes away:
Like Paradise, she paves my spacious walk;
But oh, *Cavagnes* and *Langoiran*, look,
Do you not find her lurking in the Flowers?
With soft indented glides behold she comes;
I see the forked Tongue betwixt her Teeth,
Hissing us from the Stage of Life and Honour:
O, she's a Serpent equal to the first,
And has the will to damn another World;
Therefore I'm positive, till I'm convinc'd
The King foregoes her Counsel, I'le not stir:
I'le not to Court.
Cav. Thus far I can make good,
She is believ'd, through all the Courts of *Europe*,
A most transcendent Wit, and absolute Woman.
Adm. That is an absolute Murderer and Dissembler;
Who that proceeds on such black principles,
That thinks there is no God above Ambition,
But may accomplish all that he intends:

Where's then the Art, the Reach, the Policy
Of this transcendent and most absolute Woman!
Is it not easie to Assassinate,
To Lie, and Swear you love the Man you hate,
Train him into the dark, and murder him?
I urge again, unless the King resolve
To rule alone, I will not come to Court.

Lang. *Cavagnes* is a Master in Court Secrets;
For me, I ruin'd the business of the War.

Ad. Perswade me while the Queen is at his Ear,
That if he were made up of Worlds of Mercy,
He ever would forgive me! pray look back
Into the former times, and see who sow'd
Those glowing grains which shot up to a War,
Who blew the coals of *Calvin*'s kindled Doctrine,
And earth'd the little Sect at *Hugo*'s Gate;
Was it not I that form'd 'em to a Body?

Lang. Stick to your self, Sir; follow your own methods.

Ad. Who therefore, while the pangs of Rage were on her,
Proclaim'd me in all Languages a Traytor,
Drag'd my *Effigies* through the streets of *Paris*,
Hung up my Statue on the common Gallows,
Set, by Court Officers, my Goods to sale,
My Houses raz'd, or burnt 'em to the ground.

Cav. I must confess that start of open vengeance,
Not common to the Nature of the Queen.

Ad. And why all this, not for a private grudge?
I judg'd 'twas time to view the ghastly flaws
Of that Religion that would rend the World;
That sticks not at the slaughter of whole States,
Blowing up Senates, nor at murdering Kings:
Driv'n with this thought, I push'd the War yet farther;
And, though we lost the Fight at *Moncontour*,
Yet speak, *Cavagnes*, did I fail in ought?
[*Q. of* Navarre, *P. of* Navarre, *P. of* Conde.

Cav. I was not there.

Ad. Then give me leave to say,
I fought my self the Protestant Cause alone,
When in the head of our remaining Horse,
I met the Elder *Rhinegrave* hand to hand,
Shot him i'th' Face, and left him on the ground;
Then seeing all our Army quite defeated,
My Jaw-bone shatter'd, and my Voice quite spent,
I fled, with hopes to rise more terrible;
As it succeeded, to the astonishment
Of all the Christian World.

[*Enter*

Enter Colombier *with a paper in his hand.*

Col. My Lord the Cardinal of *Lorrain's* arriv'd,
To swear and sign the Articles of Peace;
The Queen at present holds him in discourse;
Mean time Commends this Paper to your view
Sent to her Majesty from the King of *France.*

Adm. reads.

"MAdam, as you demanded, you have power o're all the Coun-
"ty suddenly of *Armagnac*; Tell the great Admiral I seek
"his Friendship. Ask of *Lorrain* the rest, who knows my heart.

Perhaps, my Friends, it may be thus indeed,
That, quite tir'd out with infinite Distractions,
He may at last resolve to Rule alone,
Come from his Page-ship, and put off the Mother;
Not lose his Youth, the pleasure of his Bloom
Among grey Senators, and withering Councils:
If it were so; but hold, there's something here
Forbids that thought; it rises like a Vapor,
A strange misgiving, such as Women swoon at,
And Men themselves may fear. But see, the Queen.

Enter the Queen of Navarre, *Prince of* Navarre, *and Prince of* Conde.

Q. Navarr. I come, Sir, to forestall the Cardinal,
Who from the King offers these terms of Peace:
He adds to what Count *Lodowick* brought before,
His Mothers Policy shall sway no longer;
That He'll submit his Genius to your conduct,
Confirms your being Captain General
In that most glorius Enterprize on *Spain*,
Allows you fifty for your Person's Guard;
Therefore, for sealing this Eternal Bond,
And for the former weighty Consultations,
He begs you instantly to come to Court.

Adm. What has your Majesty resolv'd to do?

Q. M. To go with both the Princes streight to *Paris*,
And see the Nuptials of my young *Navarre.*
I know not what your Lordship does intend;
But I have sent already to the King
My Answer by *Byron*, and will attend him.

Adm. Then 'tis too late to think of going back;
You have lanch'd me now indeed, and I must plunge

In this Abiss, tho' it be deep as Hell.
No, Madam, spite of all the Augurs here,
Since you are thus resolv'd, I'le go to the foremost.
'Twas for your sake, and in the Prince's cause,
For Liberty of Conscience and Religion,
That I thus long did propagate the War;
And shall I now not follow where you lead me?

Lan. Why should you, if it goes against your mind?

Adm. Peace, peace, *Langoiran*; since the Main's produc'd,
I mean, the Resolution of the Queen,
My Fate cries out, we must, we must away:
Therefore, my Friend, go gather my Dependants,
Bid 'em prepare for *Paris*. Tell my Wife,
My dearest *Martia*, we must bid farewell;
Tell her, I'm forc'd to swim against the Stream;
Say, that her *Cato's* bound for *Utica*,
From whence perhaps he never shall return.

Enter Cardinal of Lorrain.

Car. Conquest, prosperity, and smooth success
Be ever strow'd before our General's feet.
Thus, Sir, the King salutes you, with Commission
To turn the Torrent of your Arms on *Spain*.

Adm. My Lord, I glory in the great Employ.
I hear beside, the King will rule alone;
For, Sir, what e're the Wit of Women be,
From War and Councils let 'em be remov'd.
I say again, with my old bluntness, Sir,
To have a Female finger in the State,
Is blasting to the Prince's Memory.
Let him but be sincere, and leave the Mother,
Old as I am, I will put on my Arms,
And with this hand, not wither'd yet in War,
Bear to th' *Escurial* his Imperial Standard.

Car. My Lord, for the sincerity of the King,
That he intends his Dear and Great *Chastillon*,
The very words that did express his love,
All Honours, Titles, Greatness, all Advancement,
Nay, to the curbing of his Mother's Will,
For the performance of each Article,
Without a pious catch, or trick of State;
Without the smallest Mental Reservation,
Equivocation, or the least Reserve;
In the King's Name, as I am Priest profess'd,

As

As I am sent from Heav'n, to teach Salvation,
I pawn the truth of my immortal Soul.
Adm. He then, to whom our hearts are free and open,
Be judge betwixt his Majesty and me.
Car. O Sir, O Madam, oh, you make me weep,
Viewing by this the frailty of the World;
For if the Mind of Man be so suspicious
On such clear Demonstration of Affection,
How can you e're believe the Love Divine?
Q. M. My Lord, you may return with our obedience,
And tell the King, the Admiral, the Princes,
My self, and all his humble faithful Subjects,
Will haste to throw our Bodies at his feet.
Adm. My Lord, farewell; I must not doubt your Oaths,
But with implicite Faith believe the King,
At whose Tribunal I must shortly kneel,
For Pardon and Forgiveness.

Admiral *returns with* Cavagnes.

Adm. Hark, my *Cavagnes*, write to Count *Lodowic*,
The *Seirs de Genlis*, and *La-Nove*, to haste,
And suddenly to make surprise of *Mons*.
Cav. My Lord——
Adm. Nay, write I say; I'le have it done,
On my *Parisian* entrance. I'm resolv'd
To see into the heart of this young *Charles*,
And force him thus upon a War with *Spain*;
For tho' this Cardinal Swear, and damn his Soul
As deep as Heaven's high, yet if his bowels
Be like the rest of that Blood-colour'd Robe,
And laughs at Ghosts, where's then the Admiral?
Caught by this perjur'd jugling man of God!
What, for the Cabinet Murderers to play with,
To toss *Chastillon*'s Fate from one to t'other,
And grin my Life and Honor from the World?
But now for *Paris*. Call *Colombier*,
The Count *la Rochfoucalt*, Marquis *de Renel*,
Piles, *Pluviah*, *Pardillan*, and *Lavardine*,
Bandine, and all my Gallants of the War:
For *Paris* bid 'em haste.

Enter Antramont, *with* Langoiran.

Ant. Stay, stay, My Lord;

I charge

I charge you stay, for *Martia* does Arrest you.
And saies, you shall not go to *Utica*:
Martia resolves to hinder this Self-Murder.

Adm. Self-Murder, *Martia*!

Ant. Yes; you turn the Sword
Upon your self, which *Charles* and that false Queen
Brandish against you, going thus to Court
Against your will; for so you sent me word.
Is not this running it in your own Bowels?
Is it not, *Cato*? but you shall not leave me:
You're now Betroth'd; and in this sad Condition,
Thus fraught with your clear Image, like a Bark
Too Richly laden, with an over Ballast,
Leave me not *Gaspar*, to a flood of Tears,
A Sea of Passion, and a Storm of Sorrow.

Adm. Beg me not, *Martia*; 'tis impossible
To stay me now, my Honour is engag'd,
My Word is past.

Ant. Yet stay, Sir, stay so long
So long at least, as may preserve your Likeness;
For if I yield you now to those Court-Murderers,
My boding Fears will blast it e're 'tis Born;
For sure as *Cæsar*'s Butchery was perform'd
At *Rome*, your Murder is contriv'd at *Paris*:——
Calphurnia's bloody Dream, and Scent of Slaughter,
Are nothing, Sir, to my Prophetick Spirit;
Which not by Visions, Fantoms of the Night,
But by day Arguments, and certain Reason,
Will give such Evidence for your undoing,
As you, your self being Judge, shall say are true.

Adm. O, *Antramont*, away; why dost thou thus
Unman me with thy Tears? Tho' certain Death,
With all the Dagger'd Council stood to wait me,
Ev'n in my view, I swear I would among 'em.

Ant. Then you are caught indeed; they hate you, Sir:
Your Wife, with this poor Innocent unborn,
With all your other Orphans, are undone:
The Glory of the Earth is laid along.
I see the Vine that spreads his Arms to Heav'n,
With all his Clusters rotting on the ground,
Blasted with Lightning from a clouded Council,
By her, that is the *Juno* of your Fate,
That Murd'ring Sorceress, that dry Hag of *Florence*,
That Midnight *Hecate* of ten thousand forms,
That varies with all Shapes, that tryes all Spirits,

Selling

Selling her Soul to each, and all together,
To make your Fate inevitable ſure.

Adm. Give me your hand, and take this farewel Kiſs: —
If thou would'ſt have me think thou lov'ſt old *Gaſpar*,
Reply no more, but leave me, and be dumb.

Ant. I'm all Obedience; let me ſpeak but once,
And whiſper't in your Ear: By all my hopes
Of Earth and Heav'n, you ſhall not dye alone;
I'll gather all the Branches of your Body,
The little Arms, the Sprouts of him that was:
Yes, with that precious Fardel, bound together
By Cords of Hair, Cemented with my Tears,
And wreath'd about till Death with my Embraces,
I'll follow you to Court: I will, my Lord;
And ſince you'l have it ſo, we'll burn together. [*Exit.*

Enter Commander.

Adm. O, my brave Friends? my dear *la Rochfaucalt*,
Your hand; and yours, my rough *Colombiere*;
My Gallant *Piles*; and thine, my plain *Langoiran*:
But ſay, how ſtand you to this Expedition,
This new Exploit, this dangerous Court Adventure?

Lang. My Lord, I'll anſwer for 'em; there's not one
But has reſolv'd to follow, tho' they had rather
Run the moſt violent Shock of Glorious War,
Than ſtand one Complemental Death at Court.

Adm. Then our Opinions jump. But to the purpoſe:
Since 'tis reſolv'd that we muſt go to *Paris*,
Becauſe you're Strangers to the King and Queen,
I would inſtruct you in the Royal Tempers,
Draw the Queen Mother's Face in Miqature,
For there the watch and ward of all our Caution
Muſt lye, if poſſible to wave the Ruin.

Lang. Fore-warn'd, fore-arm'd; fear not, we ſhall remember.

Adm. Imagin then the King, like *Adam* laid
Among the Sweets of Paradiſe to reſt,
While to his liſtning Soul this Second *Eve*,
Full of the Devil, and deſign'd to damn us,
Thus breathes her Counſels fatal to the World:
What ever Paths you trod before your Reign,
'Tis Blood and Terror muſt your Throne maintain:
Scorn then thy Slaves; nor to thy Vaſſals bow;
Fix the Gold Circle to thy bended Brow,
By Murders, Maſſacres; no matter how.

For

For Conscience, and Heav'ns Fear, Religion's Rules,
They're all State-Bells, to toll in pious Fools. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Queen Mother, and Marguerite.

Mar. IS *Guise* then false! or do you try me, Madam,
And search my Heart, to know how much I love him?
If it be so, I will resolve you quickly;
I'll swear to you by Heav'n, by all things Sacred,
By all that's great and lovely upon Earth,
By him, by *Guise*, by all the blessed Moments
Of that dear Life, which single I prefer
To Millions of my own, I love him more
Than you love Glory, Vengeance, and Ambition.

Qu. M. Then thou art lost, a Wretch, an out-cast Fool,
Not worthy of my Care, nor worth my seeking;
For, by my best Desires, I know he scorns thee,
And to my certain Knowledge, is betroth'd
To *Catharine Cleve*, the Prince of *Porcien*'s Widow.

Mar. 'Tis false; he's not, he shall not, nor he cannot:
You hate me, Madam, and you forge this Matter,
To make me dye, to kill your *Marguerite*;
For, if you did respect me as your Blood,
Why should you tear my Heart in thousand pieces?
Why should you make me rave with Jealousie?
For, oh, I love beyond all former Passion:
Dye for him! that's too little; I could burn
Piece Meal away, or bleed to Death by drops,
Be flead alive, then broke upon the Wheel,
Yet with a Smile endure it all for *Guise*:
And when let loose from Torments, all one wound,
Run with my mangled Arms, and crush him dead.

Qu. M. Farewel; thou'rt mad indeed: I'le find the King,
And send him to convince you of the Truth.

Mar. The Truth! O Heav'n! nay, stay, and I'le believe you.
But is he false? is't possible in Nature?
Is *Guise* then, like his Kindred Savages,
True Man, an Upright, Bold, and Hearty Villain?

Q. M. I tell thee, as I love thy Life and Honour,
Tho' much I fear, the latter is past hope,

Their

Their Marriage will be solemniz'd to morrow;
The Cardinal of *Lorrain* must joyn their hands.
Mar. What, he that keeps the Pye, the sacred Contract,
I'le warrant too he'll be a Witness for him.
Why then, for ever throw off Modesty,
If thus Religion cheats us: let us haste,
With *Messalina*, to the common Stews,
Where Bands are honester than *Roman* Church-men.
Q. M. Think no more on't, but with a generous Fury
Resolve to cast him from your Soul for ever.
Prepare your self for what the King commands,
Without delay, to wed the young *Navarre*.
Mar. To wed my Tomb, to dwell in dust below,
Where we shall see no more deceitful Men,
Hear no more flattery, nor no damning Vows;
Where I shall never start from my cold Bed,
Nor walk with folded Arms about the Room,
With Eyes, like Rivers, ever running down;
While with my over-watching, I mistake
The rustling Wind, and every little noise
For *Guise*'s coming; which not finding true,
I weep again, till all my face is drown'd,
And groan, as if there were no end of sorrow.
Q. M. Then I must find some other Instruments,
That have the power to rule you: So farewel. [*Exit.*
Mar. Stay, Madam, stay. She's gone, and leaves me here,
To do a mischief on my Life. False *Guise!*
Perfideous *Guise!* but I will find thee out,
And wreck the Miseries of my Soul upon thee;
Nay, I'le alarm that Priest that makes thee wicked:
Priests, that like Devils, laugh at humane pains,
And Souls ne're reckon, so they count their gains. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Palace.

Duke of Guise, *and Cardinal of* Lorrain.

Gui. But are you sure he'll come?
Car. Most certain, Sir.
Gui. Why then, I will not eat till I behold him.
O, I could pine my self into a Ghost,
So I at last might thrust my hungry Sword
In the curs'd Carcass of this *Admiral*,

And glut my greedy Vengeance with his Heart.
Car. The Queen too of *Navarre*, the Heretick Princess,
Gentlemen and Commanders, Knights, Barons, Counts,
With all the Combination of the Rebels,
Come to the Wedding of the young *Bearnois*.
Gui. Why, what an Oglio will the Devil have?
A Feast for Hell, to cram it to the mouth,
A Massacre of Souls: methinks I see
The glutton Death gorg'd with devouring Lives,
And stretching o're the City his swoln bulk,
As he would vomit up the Dead.
Car. My Lord,
How brooks your Heart the Marriage of *Navarre*?
Gui. Why, faith, Sir, as we must necessity:
The King resolves it; urging to my face,
The Man that dar'd to contradict his pleasure
Should make that opposition with his ruine:
On this I turn'd my Court to *Porcien*'s Widow,
But O, *Lorrain*, Love mourn'd at the mistake,
As conscious of the cruel change he made.
Take then the prospect of a Summers Morn,
The gaudy Heav'n all streak'd with dappled Fires,
And fleck'd with Blushes like a rising Bride,
With sweets so pour'd from such a lavish Spring,
That it must begger all the years to come:
From this bright view, from *Marguerite*'s form,
Now turn thy Eye upon the yellow Autumn,
On *Porcien*'s Wife, the Widow of the Seasons.
Car. You speak, methinks, as if you lov'd the Princess.
Gui. How e're I bragg'd before, I do confess it;
Spite of my Glory, spite of my Ambition,
And all the vow'd resolves of my Revenge,
Had she not poorly yielded to the Marriage,
I would have turn'd my Widow to the Common:
But I am satisfy'd; 'tis now the talk
Of the whole Court, how she in secret likes it;
Hears too, no doubt, of my design on *Cleve*,
Yet (Curses on that changeable Staff her Soul)
Regards it not. But see, she comes: a Tempest

Enter Marguerite.

Ruffles her Face! the Mother taught this cunning;
And she has catch'd the Plague of that Dissembler
So right, methinks I see the tokens on her.

Mar. Look

Mar. Look in my Face,
Gui. I do.
Mar. Nay, in my Eyes.
Gui. I view 'em as I would the ſetting Sun,
Were I to dye at Midnight.
Mar. Come, you dare not.
Gui. What, dare not dye?
Mar. Thou dar'ſt not one, nor t'other:
At leaſt thou ſhouldſt not, for thou art ſo wicked,
So gone in Sin, Damnation muſt attend thee.
Gui. Why, then the Devil is ſure of one great Man.
Mar. Of one! of all; at Court he's no Retailer,
But deals in Groſs, and takes you by the Lump.
In Country-Fields he's forc'd to ſit all day,
With patience, angling down the guiltleſs Stream,
Yet rarely catches one for all his labour;
But when he comes to Court, the Sea of Pleaſures,
He throws his Drag-Net in from ſide to ſide,
Where none of all the Fry eſcape Perdition:
There may you ſee Whales plunging in the Meath,
Diſgorging ſtreams, like Drunkards on the ground;
The Sword-Fiſh, like the Souldier, taut in hold;
The ſtoundring Prieſts, like Sharks, that gape for prey;
Fat Porcpiſe Bauds, the Mermaids too of Honour,
The Minim Pages, all the twinkling Hoſt
So fill'd, the Snare of Hell muſt crack to hold you.
Gui. No, there's another Cauſe for this fine Satyr,
Too well digeſted for a ſudden thought,
An Argument at home, there in your heart,
Tho' you have learnt diſcretion thus to turn it.
Mar. O Heav'ns! what means he?
Gui. D'ye ſeem amaz'd?
I ſay again, however you upbraid me,
You bear the Guilt, who bring the Accuſation:
Yes, *Marguerite*, thou haſt ſtain'd me foul.
Nay, do not ſtart, nor gaze, nor make falſe ſteps:
Come, Princeſs, theſe are tricks too ſtale for *Guiſe*,
Shew 'em your little Creatures; bid your Mother
Fetch ſomething quainter from the Schools of *Florence*,
Where ſhe has learnt the Art of Honeſt-dealing.
Mar. O, all ye Pow'rs of Heav'n, of Earth, and Hell,
Where would he, whither, and when will he end?
Gui. Madam, I've done already; but leſt you ſhould
Forget coherence, through your world of Paſſion,
I tell you, you are falſe; your Vows, your Tears,

Your Languishings, your very height of Pleasures,
Your grasping Joys are false; for even then
When you cry out, There can be nothing further,
By all your perjuries, you wish 'em more.

Mar. Furies and Devils! shall he bear it thus!
What with his Lip! his Eye! his every Scorn,
Walk thus before me, and defy me thus!
Ah *Guise!* disloyal, faithless, perjur'd wretch!
Thou art more damn'd, than any Fiend in Hell.
Imposture!

Gui. Woman.

Mar. Traytor.

Gui. Woman.

Mar. Villain.

Gui. Woman still.

Mar. Hark *Guise*, hear Monster, hear and mark me:
While to thy Conscious Soul I sound the Name
Of *Porcien.*

Gui. Of *Navarre.*

Mar. Porcien I swear.

Gui. Navarre, Navarre.

Mar. Thou ly'st, thou ly'st: *Porcien*, the Widow——
Porcien.
O, I could cut my face! what, for a Widow!
Leave me for *Porcien*! O thou dull, dull *Guise!*
Wilt thou sit down to the refuse of Meals!
A Widow! what, the Monument of Man;
The Tomb Grave-Vault, the very Damp of Nature!
For this, I hate thee more than e're I lov'd thee;
And from my presence banish thee for ever.

Gui. No; I will banish this detested *Guise*
My self; you shall not buy him to your presence:
For, know, I hate more perfectly than you;
Yours is a gust, a puff of Woman's Fury,
But mine a manly, constant, setled hate,
Which, ever since you made your better choice,
Of young *Navarre*, took root within my heart.

Mar. 'Tis false, 'tis false, a Treason fetch'd from Hell,
But where! speak out; where was this Lye invented?

Gui. Thus then in short, and so farewell for ever:
The King and Queen, with all particulars
Avow'd it to me; and in general
The Court. You may perceive the Choice,
I made of *Cleve*, was more to be reveng'd
Than want of Constancy: but your's was weigh'd;

Navarre

Navarre has youth, and may be King of *France*,
Tickling Variety for Love and Glory,
For the false appetite of Luxurious Woman,
Woman, damn'd Woman; but I waste breath to name her.
My Lord *Lorrain*, I charge you by your Friendship
Give me the Contract.

Mar. Hold, my Lord.——For what?

Gui. That I may tear it to as many pieces
As she has done her Vows. What, faith in Women!
The very fragments of the whole Creation,
Whose sever'd Souls, like many parted Mirrors,
Reflect the face of all Mankind at once,
Who with their weeping Smiles, and laughing Tears,
Were they allow'd a Heav'n, as sure they are not,
Would tempt the Angels to a second Fall.
But I grow wild; give me the Contract, Sir:
Nay, Madam, off; I swear you must unhand me.

Mar. I will not. O my heart! Ah *Guise*, *Guise*, *Guise*!
You have got the Conquest, and you shall maintain it,
Tho' at th' expence of *Marguerite's* death.
'Tis true, my Mother mention'd such a Marriage;
But if I did not loath it, scorn, detest it,
O, If this be not true as thou art false,
(Forgive me, for I meane to say unkind)
Banish poor *Marguerite* from those Eyes
That feed her life, let me no more approach you;
But take, O take this Poniard from my hand,
And stick it in my heart, that heart that loves you,
That when 'tis injur'd dares not stand before you,
But owns you for the Tyrant of my days.

Gui. No, *Marguerite*, no;
You've found the way to temper me indeed,
Nay, turn it upon me, who am a Traytor,
Because I dar'd to counterfeit a Falshood
Against such perfect Love, to seem t'affect
The hated *Porcian*.

Mar. Did you then dissemble?
Did you not love her in your Heart, indeed?

Gui. I swear by Heav'n.

Mar. O let me then embrace you.
Yet closer. O that I could get within you!

Gui. My Life!

Mar. My Soul!

Gui. My Heart!

Car. My Lord, the Duke of *Anjou* moves this way.

Guiſe. Farewel. And till I hear that thou art Marry'd,
The Heart of *Guiſe* is riveted to thine:
Which all the Hammers in thy Mother's Brain
Shall never looſe.
Mar. They may compel my Body;
But till I hear thee ſay thy ſelf, Thou'rt falſe,
Death ſhall not force my Soul to wed *Navarre.* [*Exit* Marguerite.

Enter Anjou, *and* Ligneroles.

Guiſe. I'll ſtand the ſhock of this Imperious Duke,
This *Anjou*, that has got a Name in War,
I know not how, becauſe his Horſe was ſhot
At *Moncontour*: you ſee by what enſu'd,
Nature deſign'd him for a Reveller.
Anj. O *Ligneroles*, thou Partner of my Soul,
Be ſecret; for if once the King ſhould know
What I have told thee through exceſs of Love,
The World could not redeem thee from the Grave.
Ha! *Guiſe*! But ſoft, my Soul. My Lord *Lorrain*,
'Tis ſaid, the Admiral, and *Huguenot* Princes
Are ſcarce a League from *Paris*.
Car. Yes, My Lord,
I hear ſo too: the Duke of *Guiſe* was going.
Anj. I hope he will not move for fear of me.
Guiſe. You're right, my Lord; nor will not ſtay for love.
Anj. What, not a Woman's Love! Love of a Princeſs?
Guiſe. No, nor a Boy's; your Siſter may do much.
Anj. Haſte *Ligneroles*, go bear the King this Packet.
My Lord of *Guiſe*, 'tis not impoſſible [*Exit* Ligneroles.
But *Anjou* one day may be King of *France*;
Mark me, if then I find *Valois* diſhonour'd,
I will not leave a *Guiſe* to gape at pow'r. [*Exit.*
Guiſe. 'Tis ſo: by all the Myſteries of Empire,
By the Eternal Fates, his Mother's Poiſon
Boils in the Brains of the young drooping King,
And ſpeeds him to make way for ſtirr'd *Anjou*.
Charles his Religion, which he wonders at,
And ſcarce believes him hers; laughs at his pity,
Calls his Remorſe the Colick of the Mind;
His ſtarts, and fears, the gripes and cheeks of Conſcience.

Enter King, Queen Mother, Ligneroles.

But ſee, the King! mark, mark, my dear *Lorrain*,

Mark

Mark how she tempers him betwixt her hands;
He has it in his Veins, the lingring draught
That moulders him away. Let's tell him of it;
By my Ambition, and my vow'd Revenge,
I'll do't.

Car. Away; you shall not; are you mad?
Where is your temper? Walk a little off,
And lay these Fumes.

Gui. Lead then the blind away;
Yet, if I meet him in the dark, I'le crush him.

[*Ex.* Lor. *and* Gui.

King. Was ever such an Insolence? Read there.
My Brother has Intelligence from *Rochel*
The Admiral has order'd his Adherents
To seize on *Mons*, as he arrives at *Paris*,
So to assure the kindling of a War.
O, Mother, now I feel thy flames inspire me;
Yes, by the injur'd Majesty of Kings,
I'le fetch this soaring Rebel from his height:
Traytor, Imperious, Saucy, Arrogant Slave!

Lig. Why should your Majesty thus shock your Peace
With needless Fury, since the time draws on
When He, and all those Rebel *Hugonots*,
Shall never grieve you more?

King. Your meaning, Sir.

Lig. When, as your Royal Justice has decreed,
They shall be Massacred.

King. A vain Surmise.
Go, Sir, and bid the Count of *Rhets* attend me.

[*Ex.* Lig.

Q. M. Well, Sir, what think you now?

King. Death, and Destruction,
We're all undone; the Secret of the World,
Th'eternal Care of my contriving Soul,
Which has so many Moons, with constant watching,
Reduc'd me to this state, is blab'd by you,
Divulg'd, and made the Prattle of a Boy.

Q. M. No, no, my Lord; I am not to be taught
By you, to keep a Secret: Look at home,
Collect, if in your late tempestuous Passion
You did not give suspicion of the truth.

King. Suspicion? no, 'tis more; we are betray'd:
He told me to my face he knew the matter,
How that the Admiral, and the *Hugonots*
Should streight be Massacred. O, I could rave!
Our hearts are Rebels to our Bosom-Councils.

Enter

Enter Alberto Gondi.

But see, perhaps this Villain gave it Air.
Ah, Traitor! Ah perfidious false *Alberto!*
Have I not rais'd thee from the dregs of baseness,
And lodg'd thee in the bosom of thy Master?
Nay, rise, and speak: where didst thou get the daring
T'unravel the close web of my sworn Councils,
And trust 'em to the giddy *Ligneroles?*
Confess; nay, hide not what thou hast reveal'd,
Or Racks, Blood, Blood and Fire, and lasting Torments
Shall force thee, speak.

Alb. Then let the Rack be brought:
Methinks I long to give a noble proof
How much I can endure in such a Cause.

King. I know not what to say, whom to accuse,
Or where to turn my self. Call hither *Guise*,
And Cardinal of *Lorrain*. But see, my Brother.

Enter Anjou.

It must be so: 'tis he, 'tis he, false man!
I had forgot! this Boy's his only Minion,
The very turn-key of his Cabinet-thoughts.
But speak, *Anjou*; how didst thou dare to trust
So strong a Secret, such important Counsels,
That from the Book of Fate must wipe for ever
A hundred thousand Lives, or quash the Throne?
O, I'm not able to contain the Transport!
Why did'st thou trust a business of such weight
To *Ligneroles?*

Enter Cardinal *and* Guise.

Anj. 'Tis true, my Lord, I did;
But I'le ingage my life he'll ne're divulge it.

King. No, Sir; I pass my word he never shall.

Anj. My Lord, I beg——

King. Speak not, stir not hence.
My Lord of *Guise*, I must engage your Service.

Q. M. Think no more of him, lest the violent King,
Whom yet I never saw so strangely mov'd,
Should turn his rage on you.

Gui. My Lord, 'tis done.

Two of my Train there are that bear him grudge.
King. When he's dispatch'd, let your Friends go to Prison,
To put a little varnish on his blood;
Then you, or some that have the seeming Power,
Beg for their Pardon, and it shall be sign'd.

Enter Alberto.

Alb. My Lord, the Admiral's arriv'd.
King. O, Madam,
Give me your hand, and yours and yours
To prop me;
Now we must shew a Master-piece indeed,
To meet the Man whom we would make an end of,
Ev'n at that time when mortal Wars within,
When the blood boils and flushes to be at him,
Yet then to shew the signs of heartiest Love,
To cringe, to fawn, to smile, to weep, and swear,
Are Masks for women, not for men to wear. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Admiral, *Queen of* Navarre, *the* Princes, Commanders, Gentlemen, *&c.*

Adm. Cavagnes, would'st thou think it possible,
I scarce have breath to tell thee I'm not well?
Cav. Why should you fear?
Adm. Because it goes against me.
Upon the way, my sad presaging heart
At the first view of *Paris* sunk within me,
I stopt, and start, and answer'd without thought,
Like one that breaks his sleep with his own brawl,
As if my Genius shock'd me with a question,
And ask'd me, whither I was bound for Death?
But it must be, *Cavagnes*: nay, what's more
Than Death it self, confess my self a Traytor,
Ev'n in the Theatre of all the Kingdom
Do Penance for the glorious Wars I made,
In view of those that have so bravely back'd me.

Enter the King, Queen Mother, Anjou, Alberto Gondi, *Cardinal of* Lorrain, *All the* Hugonots *kneel.*

King. Madam, you're welcome; this the Prince your Son

Most welcome; this the Prince of *Conde*, welcome;
VVelcome to *Paris*, welcome to the Court:
The heart of *Charles* bids welcome to you all.
VVho's that upon the Earth! the great *Chastillon*,
The glorious *Admiral*, the fam'd *Coligni*,
The scourge of Kingdoms! O, my Father, rise;
Or, by the Majesty of Age, the Reverence
Due to these hairs, the King himself shall kneel.

Adm. O Sir, is't possible! can this be real!
Can you forgive this Out-law; this Offender;
VVho has so often turn'd your Subjects Arms
Against their Lawful Soveraign; made whole wilds
Of populous Towns, and brav'd the Lions fury!
Now you have drawn me quite unarm'd to Court,
Can you so far be Master of your temper
As not to hew me in a thousand pieces?

King. Can you, who had the power to make me tremble,
Can you, my awful Subject, be so good
To kneel before my feet, and ask my Pardon,
And shall I be so barbarous to refuse it!
No, mighty VVarrior, in the heat of Broils,
VVhen thou so terribly becam'st the Field
Had'st thou thus sought me, by those Saints we worship,
I had receiv'd thee with a breast of Mercy.

Adm Forgive me, Sir; my heart so rises in me,
I cannot speak.

King. Let then the VVorld be witness,
All that is Honest, Sacred, Good, and Just,
Be witnesses the powers of Heav'n and Earth,
VVith this embrace I pardon thee thy Er
I bid thee welcome, as my better Angel,
Thou shalt direct in all my bosom Councils;
My Genius; O! and while I hold thee thus,
Methinks I press my Father in my Arms.

Adm. O! Sir, what have you done you've burst the heart
Of your old *Gasper*, with this Flood of Goodness:
And see, it gushes from my Aged Eyes.

King. No more.

Adm. I must, I must make way, my Lord,
For this dear Load that makes me sore within:
But haste, employ my Arm; Let Fortune raise
Some Fo that's worthy of *Chastillon's* Sword:
Nay, I shall quarrel with the Fates themselves
Unless they rouze me up some brave occasion,
To signalize my Loyalty, my Conduct

And constant Zeal for your Immortal Glory.

King. Your Friendship to the Queen, who courts it too,
VVill more oblige me than your VVars abroad.

Adm. For all past Faults thus low I ask her Pardon.

Q. M. Rise, rise, my Lord: let us forgive each other.
May I, when dying, miss the Throne of Mercy,
If, when I saw the King and you embrace,
My wounded heart did not weep blood for joy.

King. Come, come, my Lord, since you're so fierce to Serve me,
I'll find your Sword Employment. Rest a while,
And then for *Flanders*, where the Duke of *Alva*
Will hold you to't.

Adm. I long, my Lord, to try him:
He who so curses the Reform'd Religion.
I wish that, with some thousands I could raise
Of those poor Protestants whom he disdains,
I could but face him on the dusty Plain,
Tho' to his Aid he call'd his Catholick Master,
With thousand Arms held up to thousand Saints;
Ev'n with this handful of my old Commanders
Heading the well trust'd Body of our Men,
We'd on, to make the Mytred Armies yield,
And drive the trembling Crosiers from the Field. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE. I.

The Scene draws; the King, the Queen Mother, the Duke of Anjou, *Duke of* Guise, *Cardinal of* Lorrain: *The Body of* Ligneroles *held up all bloody.*

Anj. AH Traytor *Guise*! but I will have thy life——
Gui. Let go your hand; or by the Majesty
That Governs here, I'll send you to your Boy.

King. Tear 'em asunder.

Anj. I'le have Satisfaction.

King. Remove the Body. You my Lord of *Guise*,
Say how this murder hapned.

Gui. Thus, my Lord.
Charles Count of *Mansfeild*, and the Count
of *Guerchy*,

When with this Mornings hunt, the Hills, and Groves,
The Skies and Fountains seem'd one mutual cry,
Riding in company, with this bold Spirit,
On fiery Courſers, chanc'd to diſcompoſe him:
He frown'd, they laugh'd, and ſo the beaten road
Of Quarrels, hot words roſe, then Blows and Thruſts,
The Youth betwixt 'em fell, I know not how;
And there's an end of him.

Anj. Traytor, thou ly'ſt: thou know'ſt the cauſe.

King. No, Sir, it was my Order.
Now, as you have reſpect to your own Safety,
No more of this. Had you not bluſh'd in Blood,
In the Heart-blood of him you deareſt lov'd;
By my dead Father's Soul, by my Revenge,
You ſhould your ſelf have mourn'd ſo groſs a failing.

Q. M. Sir, he repents.

King. He does but what he ought.
Now to the Buſineſs.
Since then the Cloud that holds our horrid Vengeance
Comes nearer racking o're the *Hugonots* heads;
Let's help the fall, and ſtir not from this place
Till we have fixt the Plat-form of their Ruine:
Firſt, for the Queen, *Jane Albert* of *Navarre*,
Becauſe a Woman, and of Royal Blood,
My Mother judg'd that ſhe ſhould dye by Poiſon.

Q. M. Diſpatch'd with Sweets. Paſs to the reſt; ſhe's dead.

King. Yet not without ſuſpicion of the Princes,
Who therefore, by my Order, were deſir'd
To ſee her Body open'd; which was done
Before the chief of all the *Hugonots*;
Only her Head was ſpar'd, as I appointed,
Out of a ſeeming Reverence; but indeed,
Leſt that the Poiſon, tho' it paſs'd unſeen,
Like a cloſe Murderer, through the Lanes of Life,
Might yet at laſt be taken where it lodg'd.
With this, in part, I ſatisfy'd their Murmurs.

Qu. M. Therefore you muſt confer more favours ſtill
Upon the Admiral, lull him with Honours;
Strike him but in the throat of his Ambition,
You have him ſure: yet let him play a while,
And roll at random down the ſtream of Glory.
My Lord of *Guiſe* you have not yet convers'd him;
Therefore, while this ſuſpicion on the death
Of the late Queen flies warm about his ears,
Viſit him, as commanded by the King;

But so as if enforc'd: and by degrees,
Proceed to half a Quarrel, that the King,
Being made the Judge, as coming there by chance,
May give it quite against you in appearance,
And force you to submit your self for Pardon.

Gui. It shall be so: And fear not, I'le provoke him;
'Twill ease my Heart a little, with keen words,
To right my Father's wrongs, and shed the Venom
That swells me all within.

King. On this proceed
To the intended Marriage of *Navarre*;
Which once perform'd, as if that were the Lightning
To the sure Peal of Horrour that must follow,
Begin our Vengeance with the Admiral's Death.

Anj. First, Sir, it would be known how *Guise* approves
The Marriage of *Navarre* with *Marguerite*.

King. I know the Duke approves what I resolve;
And on so great a push, would forfeit both
A *Lignerolles* and *Marguerite* too.

Qu. M. Come, come, it's monstrous but to make a Scruple,
To stand on Pets, Intrigues, and foolish Passions,
When such a Fate is now upon the Bolt,
As ne're perhaps yet Thunder'd with Success,
Since first the World began.

Gui. My Lord, I yield;
And take Prince *Porcien*'s Widow for my Wife.

King. I sent the Count of *Rhetz* to bring her hither.
My Lord *Lorrain*, pray let me view the Contract.
This, by the hand of *Guise*, must first be torn,
And then presented her.

Gui. Excuse me, Sir.

King. If Prayers or threats can bend her, Sir, you shall not;
But, if those fail, my Lord, without more words,
I charge you for your Honour, and my own,
To act as I command: or, by my blood,
Nor you, nor I shall ever see her more.

Gui. That's a home thrust indeed; Sir, I obey,
And wait your farther order.

King. My Lord *Lorrain*,
Attend the Duke while I examine *Marguerite*,
Wait till I stamp, and when thy trouble's over
Make to the Admiral; and I will follow.

Exeunt

Enter Alberto *with* Marguerite.

How, *Marguerite*, weeping? all in tears!
Sure then the Count of *Rhets* mistook the
Message.
I sent to give thee Joy, to tell my Sister
She must be marry'd.
Mar. And I come, my Lord,
To shew my heart before your Majesty,
To beg your favour, mercy, and your pardon;
For O, my Lord, I cannot, if I would,
Be marry'd to *Navarre*.
King. You cannot? Rise,
And tell me why: I'le hear you out with patience.
Mar. Ah, Sir, how shall I speak your Sister's Frailty?
How shall I, but thus drown'd with tears and blushes,
Confess the fault of Duty? I am marry'd,
Betroth'd, my Lord.
King. To whom?
Mar. Alas, you're angry;
But I must own the truth, tho' on your brow
A thousand deaths sat menacing my Soul:
Yes, Sir, I'm marry'd to the Duke of *Guise*.
King. Not marry'd, *Marguerite*; but contracted:
And so far I'le forgive thy heedless Youth;
But on condition that, without more noise,
Thou raze the haughty *Guise* from thy remembrance;
Or, by the violation of our Name,
I will not spare to drain thy tainted blood,
Till I have mounted thee by death a Victim
To the great memory of the wrong'd *Valois*.
Mar. Call then, my Lord, call forth your fierce Tormentors,
Propose to *Marguerite* flames and wounds,
And all the cruel Arts of thoughtful Fury,
See your poor Sister's Spirit parch'd away
By lingring fires, to make my death more dreadful;
Yet, Sir, with my last breath I must avow
My Love to *Guise*, and hatred to *Navarre*.
King. No; I have thought on't better; I'll proclaim thee,
A Prostitute; thou shalt no more be Royal:
Poor, and abandon'd, with thy shame upon thee,
I'll turn thee forth a Beggar to the World.
Mar. Do, do, my Lord, rather than wed *Navarre*,
And make it death for any to relieve me,

Set

Set the mad multitude like Dogs upon me,
To tear, to worry me like common flesh,
To drag me to a Ditch, and leave me gasping;
Yet with my last sighs I will groan to Heav'n,
'Tis easier this, than to be false to *Guise*.

King. But, *Marguerite*, was there ever Love
Without brave Revenge on Provocation?
Yet, Wretch, thou lov'st without being lov'd again:
Since in my presence *Guise* now past his word
To leave thee, and to wed the Widow *Porcien*.

Mar. No, no, my Lord; that Art was us'd before;
Yet, Sir, you make me tremble; for methinks
There's something more resolv'd, more stern in you,
Than in my Mother: yet my heart's confirm'd
Not to believe ev'n you; O therefore cease,
Or rather execute your former rage,
And give me up to those Tormentors hands
That wait your Call.

King. But if I bring the Duke
Before thy face, that Contract in his hand,
Which past betwixt you, and he tears it here
Openly, in the presence of us all;
Wilt thou then quit him, with resolv'd revenge,
And wed *Navarre*?

Mar. Why should you ask me, Sir?
Prove me but half as much, but half that falshood,
That Impudence, that Treason to the Throne
Of our crown'd Loves, and I will wed a Slave:
There's not a thing so loath'd upon the Earth,
But you shall bind me to it for my life,
To Age, Deformity, to all that's hateful,
Blasting, and deadly.——Ha! what's this he tears?
The Contract? O, it is the curs'd Contract!
Then I'll tear too. Death, Furies, Hell, and Devils!
But call him, Sir, call back the perjur'd Traytor;
Let your Guards hold him; you shall see, my Lord,
How well I hate him: Give me but a Dagger,
And I will gore his heart with thousand wounds;
Nay, if 'twere possible, I'de stab his Soul,
Fill it so full, brimful of Womans Gall,
That, tho' he were an Angel, it should damn him;
But he's a Devil, Devil, Devil, Devil.

King. Give me your hand; you shall along with me
To a young King, that will be proud to serve you.

Mar. O, Sir, I know not what to say, or do,

But fling this load of misery at your feet:
You have my promise; but with all my blood
I would retrieve it; for since *Guise* is false,
Whom I believ'd the worthiest of the World,
Since he has prov'd himself so damn'd a Villain,
O, give me leave, Sir, give me leave to shun,
To hate, to loath, to curse all Humane Kind.

King. I'le have no more delay; I claim your Promise:
Come then; or, by my Crown, I'le have thee drag'd:
What hoa? without there.

Enter Attendants.

Mar. Mother, pity me.
Have patience, Sir, a little time, my Lord,
To vent these bursting sighs, and I will go;
Let me but dry my Eyes, and I will go:
This remnant of a wretched Royal woman,
This stain to all your Blood, O cruel Heav'n!
This curs'd, forlorn, unhappy Bride shall go
Thus to the Altar where my Fate's decreed;
But like a Victim that is doom to bleed.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Admiral, Antramont, Cavagnes, Langoiran.

Ant. Poison'd; the Royal dead *Navarre* was poison'd?
'Tis the first Thunder-clap of that vast Storm
That seems already breaking o're your head:
Why are you senseless then, and deaf to warning;
When, wheresoe're you cast your Eyes, the storm
Looks blacker yet? Why stays the Duke of *Guise*?
Why does he summon all his Blood to Court,
With Barons, Knights, that hold the Catholick Party,
With Foreign Gentry living on his Pensions,
And therefore ready upon all occasion,
With hazard of their lives to act his pleasure.

Adm. Peace, *Antramont.*

Ant. Alas, my Lord, I cannot.
Why should the Visdam *Chartres*, Count *Mongomery*,
Resolve to lodge themselves beyond the *Sein*,
Unless their minds presage some dreadful mischief!

'Tis

'Tis coming; O, with deeper Policies
The King and Queen delude your easie Soul
With fatal Praises, and undoing Honours:
O, they have caught you! my Prophetick Soul
Sees the red Tempest thunder down in blood,
In blood of you, of me, of all about you.

Adm. O, *Antramont*, you foil me now indeed;
Yet I shall answer, if your Passion please:
First, for the Queen, I saw her Body open'd,
The parts whereof were sound, untouch'd by Poison,
And by our own Physicians 'twas concluded
She dy'd a natural Death. Then for the *Guises*,
Some little satisfaction must be given,
As to permit their Presence at the Marriage;
But, for the management of State-affairs,
Or Favour from the King, they're lost for ever:
Nor shall it keep my dauntless Powers awake,
Tho' *Chartres* and *Mongomery* will not come.
But, to forbear the Subject, leave me here
With my *Cavagnes*.

Ant. I am commanded, Sir;
Yet, for the safety of your innocent Babes,
Beware, my Lord, be cautious, O prevent. [*Exit* Antramont.

Adm. Fear not; Farewel; be gone; I will beware,
Why should I fear, *Cavagnes*, when the King
Inclines his heart to the Reform'd Religion;
When the whole management of Home-affairs,
With all Confederacies made abroad,
Are left to me, as Judge and Arbitrator,
The Genius and the Oracle of *France*?
But, if the Will of Heav'n has set it down,
That all this trust is deep dissimulation,
That there's no Faith nor Credit to be given
To the inviolable Royal Word;
O, my *Cavagnes*, if 'tis possible,
If this be so, I yield, I yield to die:
I am contented for the Protestant Faith
Here to be hewn into a thousand pieces,
And made the Martyr of so good a Cause.

Lang. My Lord, I take my leave; and am resolv'd
To leave the Court.

Adm. *Cavagnes*, prethee speak,
It is not worth our smile: But why, *Langoiran*,
Why dost thou leave the Maker of thy Fortune?
Is it not worth the hazard?

Lang. No, my Lord.
I'm sorry, Sir, to see you made so much of:
And so Farewel. For my part, I'm content
To save my self with Fools; rather than perish
With those that are too wise. [*Exit.*

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My Lord the Duke of *Guise*.

Enter Guise. { *Exeunt* Cavag. Serv. and all.

Gui. The King, my Lord, commanded me to wait you,
And bid you welcome to the Court.
Adm. The King
Still loads me with new Honours; but none greater
Than this, the last.
Gui. There is one greater yet,
Your high Commission for the War with *Spain*:
I, and my Family, are charg'd to serve you;
And 'twill be glorious work.
Adm. If you are there,
There must be Action.
Gui. O, your pardon, Sir;
I'm but a Stripling in the Trade of War:
But you, whose life is one continu'd Battel,
What will not your Triumphant Arms accomplish?
Who, as your self confess'd, or Fame is false,
Have quite out-gone the memory of the Ancients,
Of *Alexander*, and of *Julius Cæsar*,
For they in all their Actions had success;
But you, in spite of your malicious Fortune,
After the loss of four most signal Battels,
Still rose more fierce and dreadful to your Foes:
And last, when all men thought you had no way
To save your life, but wander through the World;
You forc'd the King to grant your own Conditions,
More proper for a Conquerour than one
That was o'recome.
Adm. No more of that, my Lord.
Gui. But, Sir, since I must make a little one
In this great Business, let me understand
What 'tis you mean; and why you put the King
Upon so dangerous an Expedition.
Adm. Know, I intend the Greatness of the King,

The

The Greatness of all *France*, whom it imports
To make their Arms their Aim and Occupation:
Since then the Genius of the Kingdom's rouz'd,
I'll turn the Fever of those Civil Broils
To wholesom Exercise, to war with Strangers.

Gui. Stor'd Arsenals, and Armories, and Fields of Horse,
Ordnance, Ammunition, and the Nerve of War,
Sound Infantry; not harrass'd and diseas'd,
To meet a Veteran Army, should be thought of;
Nor ought you to rely on Protestants,
Those Mercenaries that must come: for he ——
Who, thus resolv'd, depends on such, shall spend
His Feathers now; but mew 'em all to morrow.

Adm. I find; my Lord, the Argument grows warm,
Therefore thus much, and I have done. The King
Intends to send an Army into *Flanders*,
A powerful one, and under my Command:
First then, altho' the Wars of later Ages
Are, in respect of former, made i'th' dark,
Chastillon will not steal a Victory.

Gui. The Phrase of *Alexander* at *Arbela!*

Adm. No place of Honour, Office, or Command
Through the whole Series of this glorious War,
For Profit, Favour, or for Interest,
Not of the greatest shall be bought or sold:
Whereas too, for th' incouragement of Fighters,
There are degrees promiscuously conferr'd
On Souldiers, and no Souldiers, this man Knighted,
Because he charg'd a Troop before his dinner,
And sculk'd behind a hedge in th' afternoon;
I will have strict Examination made
Betwixt the meritorious and the base;
And, since I am entrusted as I wish,
I'll spoil the Traffick of this Brandy Court,
And vye Rewards for Merit with old *Rome*.

Gui. You will, my good Lord Admiral?

Adm. Sir I will.
Upon the very Spot of Victory
For Gallant Men ——
Erect their Tropies, Funeral Laudatives,
And Monuments for those that dy'd in War,
Crowns of distinction, Garland Personal,
All but the Stile of Emperour, which the King
Of the whole Universe did after borrow;
That for my Master: and perhaps for me

The Triumph of their Generals on return.

Gui. You have mouth'd it bravely, and there is no doubt
Your deeds would anſwer well ſuch haughty words:
Yet, let me tell you, Sir, there was a man
(Curſe on the hand that ſped him) that would better,
Better than you, or all the bragging Generals,
That when he ſhone in Arms and ſun'd the Field,
That better would become the great Battalion,
Mov'd, ſpoke, and fought, and was himſelf a War.

Adm. The Noble *Guiſe*, your Father, Sir, you mean;
But yet, my Lord ——

Gui. No yet, my Lord; no yet:
By Arms, I bar you that;
For never was his like, nor ſhall again,
Till murder'd by *Poltrot*; curs'd, damn'd *Poltrot*,
Whoſe Soul now gluts the Maw of *Lucifer*.

Adm. Speak with more Charity.

Gui. Ha! Charity!
Damnation on the Soul that harbours it.
Were I in Heav'n, and ſaw him ſcorch'd in Flames,
I would not ſpit my Indignation down,
Leſt I ſhould cool his Tongue. For *Beza* too,
That ſet him on, with the Rewards of Heav'n,
To act ſo black, ſo deep, ſo damn'd a Murder.
O why will *Charles* thus ſheath the Sword of Juſtice
Till he has rooted up this Sect of Villains,
And collar'd to the Stake that canting Slave
That preach'd my God-like Father from the World?

Adm. Come, come, my Lord, hear with a little patience,
And you ſhall find 'tis not the Proteſtant way
To ſtab, and beat the Brains out in the dark:
Look home, my Lord, go to the *Vatican*,
See, if in all thoſe Politick Diſcourſes,
There be not one Red-letter'd Page for killing.

Gui. Ha, Admiral! then dar'ſt thou juſtify
The Villain, whom my Vengeance marks for death?

Adm. My Lord, I will not juſtify a Villain
More than your ſelf: But if you thus proceed,
If that a great Man's breath can puff away ——
On every Pet the Lives of Free-born People;
What need that awful General Convocation,
Th' Aſſembly of the States? nay, let me urge,
If thus you threat the Venerable *Beza*,
What may the reſt expect?

Gui. What if I could,

They

They ſhould be certain of; whole Piles of Fire.

Adm. 'Tis very well, my Lord, I know your mind
Which, without fear or flatt'ry to your Perſon,
I'll tell the King; and then, with his Permiſſion,
Proclaim it for a Warning to our People.

Gui. Come, you're a Murd'rer, your ſelf.

Adm. Away.

Gui. You were Complotter with that Villain *Beza*,
The black Abetter of my Father's Murder.

Adm. This wou'd ſound well, my Lord, in Front-Battle,
But here upon a Viſit from the King
It looks not like the *Guiſe*.

Gui. My Father's Murder? bid me not ſtand on points
When that's remember'd!
But track me to the Foreſt with thy Sword,
Thus Man to Man, bark'd with all thy People,
Follow me, or I will proclaim thee Traytor, Coward.

Adm. O King, King, King! ſtill let me ſound thy Name,
Leſt this Fool-hardy-Boy, this knotty Trifler,
This Spawn of Words, this Urchin of the War,
Should raiſe my Anger paſt the pulling down.

Enter King, Queen Mother, Alberto, Anjou, *and* Morvile.

But ſee He's here, I ſcorn to ruine thee:
Therefore go tell him, tell him thy own Story.

King. What now, my Lord of *Guiſe*? Is this your Viſit?
I charge you on your life, without reſerve,
Tell me the truth; how hapned this diſorder?
Thoſe ruffled hands, red looks, and part of Fury?

Gui. I told him, Sir, ſince you reſolve to have it,
He was the Murderer of my Noble Father;
Therefore a Traytor, Villain, and a Coward.

King. Is't poſſible?

Adm. No matter, Sir, no matter;
The Old Man rouz'd, and ſhook himſelf, my Lord;
A few hot words; no more, upon my life:
So, if your Majeſty will do me Honour,
I do beſeech you, let the buſineſs dye.

King. Guiſe, go, ſubmit your ſelf, and ask his pardon.

Gui. My Lord, I cannot ſpeak.

King. Where are our Guards?

Adm. Hold there. Come, Sir, I will interpret for you.
My Lord, this cloſe embrace makes up the breach:
We will be ſorry, Sir, for one another.

Gui.

Gui. You have out-done me, Sir; but you'l excuse me,
'Twas a great Rack that strew'd me to this Folly.

Adm. More than enough, we're riveted the faster.

King. My Lord of *Guise*.

Q. M. My good Lord Admiral,
Now use your Power, and quite oblige the Court:
Villandry has provok'd the King at Play,
In such a nature, that he's doom'd to die;
My Son refus'd my Intercession for him;
Therefore, when he has done his Check to *Guise*,
For your affront; pray, my good Lord, intreat him.

King. The Marriage stays within; which past, resolve
His Execution sudden as you can.

Gui. Marvile.

Mar. My Lord?

Gui. I by the King's Commission, have Command
To take the Admiral's life.

Mar. I'le shoot him.

Gui. Right:
As he returns from Court.

Mar. From some Out-Lodging
I'le watch him till I execute your Order.

Adm. I am a Suitor to your Majesty
For poor *Villandry*'s life.

King. Haste, bring him forth.
I think, my Lord, if you should ask my heart,
My yielding breast would open to your hand.
But, Father, let's away; the Cardinal
Stays for *Navarre*.

Adm. We'll wait your Majesty. [*Exit* King *with the Court.*
O, my *Cavagnes*, where's *Langoiran* now?
Where's *Antramont?* but haste, and tell her all;
Tell her th' extravagant kindness of the King,
Tell her, but stay; why such repeated Oaths?
That's to be thought on; Hollow was his aspect,
Graves in his smiles; Death in his bloodless hands.
O, *Antramont!* I'le haste to meet thy Eyes:
The Face of Beauty on these rising horrours,
Looks like the Midnight-Moon upon a Murder:
It drives the Shades that thicken from the State,
And gilds the dark design that's ripe for Fate.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

The King *rises from a Couch.*

FRom Amber shrouds I see the morning rise
Her Rosy hand begins to paint the Skies;
And now the City Emets leave their Hive,
And rouzing Hinds to chearful labour drive;
High Cliffs, and Rocks are pleasing objects now,
And Nature smiles upon the Mountains brow;
The Joyful Birds salute the Sun's approach;
The Sun too laughs, and mounts his gaudy Coach,
While from his Car the dropping Gems distil,
And all the Earth, and all the Heaven does smile:
But *Charles*, still wrapt in Shades, like Night appears,
His sighs the Vapors, and the Dews his Tears.
Yet, O Just Power, with pity, O behold
The wretch, whose fault is in your Book inroll'd:
Behold these streams, with which his Soul aspires
To slake your wrath, and quench your angry fires.

Enter Genius.

Gen. Thy *Genius*, lo, from his sweet Bed of rest,
Adorn'd with Jassamin, and with Roses dress,
The Pow'r Divine has rais'd to stop thy Fate;
A true Repentance never comes too late:
So soon as born, she made her self a Shroud,
The weeping Mantle of a Fleecy Cloud,
And swift as thought, her Airy Journy took,
Her hand Heav'ns Azure Gate with trembling strook;
The Stars did with amazement on her look;
She told thy Story in so sad a Tone,
The Angels start from Bliss, and gave a groan.
But *Charles* beware, oh dally not with Heav'n,
For after this no Pardon shall be giv'n. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter the Queen Mother, *Cardinal of* Lorrain, Anjou, Albetto Gondi.

Car. The King upon the Earth? O rise, my Lord.

Q. M. He has of late been troubled with such Faintings;
And see he bleeds at Mouth.

King. Stand from me all.
O, Mother, Mother! Whither will you lead me?
Through what a Vault of Monuments, and Skulls,
And dead Men's Bones? And you, my Lord *Lorrain*,
Must I still journey through this Vale of Death,
And never reach the Paradise you promis'd?
I must not let the Massacre go forward:
I'm warn'd from Heav'n, I swear I think from Heav'n.

Q. M. Some Scar-crow of a Dream? So far from Sin,
Or ought that's damnable, is our Design;
That my Lord Cardinal will tell you, Sir,
'Tis meritorious: and when e're we strike,
The Church shall bless it, as a blow from Heav'n.

Car. Therefore, my Lord, I wish you to suspect
Whatever thwarts you in your holy purpose;
However veil'd, tho' in an Angel's form,
Conclude it the suggestion of the Devil.

Q. M. So; now, I hope, these Qualms are at an end,
And we may close pursue the main intention.
Suppos'd the Admiral kill'd: on this, the *Hugonots*
Fall on the House of *Guise*; the City rises
And cuts 'em all to pieces: now imagine
Which I am apt to think the Hereticks
Are more discreet, and only sue for Justice,
Without a Tumult; shall the business stand?

Car. No. If we find they do not run to Uproar,
(Our only hope to colour o're their ruine)
Proceed to instant Slaughter; or they'l find
Some means for flight, and kindle up the War
More dreadfully than ever.

Anj. Is't determin'd
That, with the rest, the Princes too shall bleed,

Q. M. My Judgment is most positive in this:
Let not one Soul of all be left alive;
For 'tis ridiculous, in such Extreams,
Ith' mid'st of Slaughter, Ruine, Blood, and Death,
To think of ever being prais'd for Mercy.

Nor

Nor can a mean be us'd; the Duke of *Guise*
Meddles not in it, if a man escape:
And says, in such a desperate Purge of Humours,
If any Relick of the great Distemper
Be left behind, it runs to a Relapse
More dangerous than before.

King. As I remember,
Madam, it has been oft your Oracle,
In this late Civil Wars, to avoid a Battel,
That limbs, tho' ne're so foul, should not be lopt
Without the utmost, last Necessity;
Because the Body seels too great defect,
Sharp Pains, and almost irrecoverable Weakness:
And will you now cut the great Arteries,
The Princes of the Blood? Most horrid thought!

Q. M. Compose your self; *Navarre* and *Conde* live.
Come, come, you must put off this Melancholy;
'Twill breed Suspicion, Sir, let me intreat you
To go upon the Instant streight to Tennis,
While *Morvele* does his business.

King. O my heart!
If you would have me fixt, you must not leave me,
You must talk out to my distracted Soul,
Lest Conscience drown the Voice of Policy.

[*Exeunt all but* Car.

Car. This 'tis to have a Conscience?—Here comes one

Enter Guise.

Sear'd as my self, of my own Family.
Is he dispatch'd!

Gui. Not yet; but *Morvele* waits him,
His Fuzee cock'd, and planted at the Window:
All, all is fitted.

Car. What, your *Marguerite*,
Said she was sick, and would not bed the Prince
Last night?

Gui. I know not that; but here I stay
To take her as she passes to the Gardens.
How fares the King?

Car. A little bound in Conscience:
He pukes at Dreams; and as I hear of late,
Spits Blood.

Gui. A Fit, a fit, my Lord, o'th' Mother:
I told you so. But [see; the furious Princess?

Away: I'le clap my Prow upon the Storm;
And, if a Wrack must follow, let it come.

Enter Marguerite.

Mar. Ha! Villain? Traytor? Devil? Hence, be gone;
Or I must get into my Grave to hide me:
I've sworn, I've sworn to fly thee like a Fury,
And I am Damn'd if e're I see thee more.
Gui. I will obey you. And indeed the Fates
Of these sad Souls that must to day be dol'd
Require my haste: I beg you but to hear me:
Grant me but this, By Hell, and Hell's worst Horrors,
And all the Murders of this bloody day;
You ne're shall see me more.
Mar. What can'st thou say?
For see, I know not how, thou'st charm'd my rage.
Gui. Know then, the lives of every *Hugonot*
This moment now are sentenc'd to the Grave:
A Massacre of all.
Mar. A Massacre!
Gui. Madam, I've done. But hark! a Gun went off!
My leaping heart cries out, it is the Admiral.
The Marriage of *Navarre* was for this end
Design'd, to bring the Princes to the Court:
And, on so great an Enterprise, the King
Compell'd me to the tearing of the Contract,
Or threatned the destruction of my House,
And which was worse, your death before my eyes.
What, hoa! *Morvele!* He pass'd the Anti-chamber.

Enter Morvele.

Permit me to consult him. Ha! speak out;
Say, is the Admiral——
Morv. Not dead, my Lord.
I think I saw some of his Fingers fly,
And part of his left Arm: I'm sure I hit him.
Gui. Here, take this Key; fly to my Closet, haste;
Thou art pursu'd: Farewell.
Mor. I'm gone, my Lord. [*Exit.*
Gui. 'Twas in this manner just, my noble Father
Was palted from the Fame of all the World
By such another Villain: and my Soul
Leaps with Revenge, that this proud Admiral

Should

Should, like an Eagle, in his utmost flight
Be topled from the Clouds of all his Glory.
Madam, farewel: I hope you will excuse
What I, enforc'd, did act: I love you still;
And, on this sad affair, in which perhaps
Your *Guise* may perish, it would warm my heart
To hear you do not hate me.

Marg. Death and Horrour!
Infamy, Vengeance, Murder, Massacre!

Gui. Now by the life and heart of our design
'Tis well dissembled; stood thy Lord in view,
I thus wou'd charge thee; bear thee in my arms,
From the proud hurry of a clashing World:
To *Mahomet*'s Paradise, to Beds of Pleasure,
Where we shall spin the silken Joys for ever,
Without a break: lengthening the twinkling moments
To an Eternity of deathless Pleasure.

Marg. Touch me not for thy life, thou Traytor! Murderer!
Ravisher! Oh thou titled Villany!
In Purple dipt to give a gloss to mischief!
Follow the bloody bark of thy Ambition,
And never see me more——

Gui. It cannot be,
Unless you chain me, drag me in Sunless Caves:
You are my Earthly goodness, all my hope
Of Comfort here: nor wish I more hereafter.

Marg. Hold, hold, Prophaner, thou hast dishonour'd me,
But this is little to the Crimes that follow,
Thou hast betray'd me, after all my Vows,
To marry one I hate; for thy Ambition
Mak'st me the Cause of this most horrid Vengeance.
At which the Earth shall sicken, Saints be sad,
And none but Furies like your self——

Gui. Did not your Mother form the whole design?

Marg. Whoever form'd or helpt in such contriving,
Hell and Damnation waste 'em; but for thee,
Sear'd as thou art, with Cruelty, Revenge,
I pity thee, O *Guise!* because I lov'd thee,
And beg thee view those Fiends that gape to seize thee:
Allow at least a possibility;
An unknown Country, after you are dead,
As well as there was one e're you were born,

Gui. Admit me then once more to share your Breast,
To taste those Secrets from those lovely Lips,
And I in time may be a Proselyte.

Marg. Here look your last: for from the time I leave you
Ne're hope to see lost *Marguerite* more.
Gui. I am a Rebel, and have sworn to see you:
By all our former Dearness, and I will
By Heav'n: I will, in spite of your resolve,
I'le gaze upon you till these Crystals run.
Marg. You have broke my heart a thousand several ways;
And now against my will this parting melts me.
Gui. Speak not of parting: by those Eyes I beg,
Nor melting hearts: The blood runs down from mine.
Marg. For all the wrongs you have done me, my Dishonor
For all your delays, your slights, your thousand Oaths,
Your most considerate Pride in falling out,
That I might court you to be Friends again.
Gui. Stop yet: and Oh eternal Love shall crown thee.
Marg. For all my Midnight groans.
Gui. Hold, *Marguerite.*
Marg. My Tears, my Watchings,
The bleeding tokens of the fondest Love.
Gui. Take this, and strike it to my heart; [*Offers a Dagger.*
But speak your griefs no more.
Marg. By all I've said,
I beg you, Sir, to spare my Husband's life.
Gui. What, *Marguerite?* ha! *Navarre* agen?
This was too much.
Marg. Save him, if possible,
And so farewel, thou Ruine of my Glory:
Farewel, thou strong Seducer of my Youth;
Yet I will Eye thee hungerly at last:
Nay, take this sigh too that thus splits my heart,
My Husband's life. In all that I implore,
To save *Navarre*, and never see me more. [*Exit* Marg.
Gui. She's gone, for ever gone: why, let her go.
Henceforth pronounce all Woman-kind thy Foe;
Or if thy feeble Soul to Love return,
Do not, like *Anthony*, for life time burn:
But as a Lion, eager of his prey,
Compell'd by thirst, turns from his purpos'd way;
And in some silver Fountain slacks his rage,
Then runs more fiercely on his Foes t'ingage;
So having quench'd thy fires with Beauties Charms,
Forget the Pleasures, and rush to Arms. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter King, Q. Mother, Anjou, Lorrain, Alb. Gondi.

King. Command that all the City-Gates be shut,
Except but two, for bringing in Provisions;
And these my Lord of *Rhetz*, ste strictly Guarded,
Lest that the Murderer escapes.

Q. M. You bear it bravely
Now to the wounded Admiral be there
As you are now, seem soft and pitiful,
Fond him with tears, cry out with your impatience
To be reveng'd upon the Murderer.

King. You that are made of Artifice instruct me. [*Exeunt!*

SCENE II.

The Admiral Dressing, with all the Hugonots *about him.*

Adm. A finger and an arm? what all this noise
About the shattering of a Limb? Away.
And in a Cause so great, so glorious too?
Nay, let 'em burn the other to the shoulder,
Or let that Badger Queen grind every Bone
Betwixt her teeth, and grin to hear 'em crack.

Cav. Let's instantly resolve to bear him forth.

Adm. No: with this mangled flesh held to Heav'n,
This horrid mash of Blood, and Bone, and Marrow,
Upon my knees I beg the Power Divine
T'establish thus the Protestant Religion,
To plant it in the Blood of lost *Coligni*,
If that, Alas, may satisfy their Fury.

Cav. Take heart, Sir; hope one day for full Revenge.

Enter Antramont.

Ant. 'Tis well, my Lord! 'tis well, my *Cato*! well!
You call'd this *Paris Utica* at first:
The Stars of Great men have a cast Divine,
And when they mould with second thought, the Spirit,
The Air, the Life, the Golden Vapour's gone.
Langoiran! O *Langoiran!*

Adm. Fate, my *Martia*;
There is a Providence that over-rules:

Therefore

Therefore ſubmit; haſte, for thy life, away;
I beg thee fly, my *Martia*, to *Geneva*;
My little ones ſhall, with *Teligny*, follow.

Ant. What, Sir, is't poſſible!
Is a planck in this great Veſſel rived?
Is't neceſſary that a Wreck ſhould follow?

Adm. O, *Antrament*, there is no going forth;
If the King be not in th' Aſſaſſination,
Fear not; I ſhall have Juſtice: If he be,
Farewel for ever, I'll ne're ſee thee more.

Ant. You ſhall, you ſhall: why burſt you not away?
There are at leaſt ten thouſand, your Adherents,
Will clear your paſſage to *Chaſtillon*:
Why do you drag then, when your Fate cryes on?

Adm. Once more I ſay, my Fate is in the King;
Therefore away: If things go right, you come
To me again; if not, there's one preſerv'd
T'embalm my Bowels. O my *Antramont*,
I mean my Babes, that thus have force to thaw me.
That Power, whoſe moſt unſearchable Decree
Thus dooms our parting, give thee ſtrength to bear it;
To bear my Death; perhaps thou'lt hear it ſhortly:
Yet thou ſhalt hear nothing unworthy me,
Nothing that's faint and flagging at the Goal,
But my laſt Gaſp like my firſt ſtart of Glory.

Ant. What, leave thee, *Guſpar*, e're I kiſs thy wound?
O, let we touch the Batt'ry of his Arm!
Forgive me; thus far I will be a *Roman*:
There's Virtue here, in this moſt Sacred Relict,
I ſwear I think there is, to ſave a Soul.

Adm. Be gone, I ſay; I cannot bear thy Kindneſs:
Force her away, and bear her to St. *Germain*.

Ant. I go. For thee, this Prayer I leave behind me:
When-e're thou dy'ſt, the Arms of Angels waft thee
To thoſe ſmooth Joys that have no gritty moments.
For her that brought thee to this barbarous end,
The Whips of Conſcience drive her to Deſpair;
Conſcience! Sh' has none: why then the ſtings of Pleaſure,
Sores and Diſeaſes, Diſappointments plague her;
May all her Life be one continu'd Torment,
And that more Racking than a Mother's labour:
In meeting Death, may her leaſt trouble be
As great, as now my parting is with thee. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Alberto Gondi.

Alb. My Lord, his Majesty, the Queen, his Mother,
Approach, to mourn your Chance, and give you Justice.

Enter King, Queen, Anjou, Lorrain.

King. My Lord, I come to pour the Balm of Tears
Into your Wound; I come to threaten death
To that bold Villain who durst act this outrage:
And by my Soul I swear, my Father shall
Have such Revenge, as if a King were kill'd.
Adm. I thank your Majesty, and humbly crave
Your leave, Sir, to retire home to *Chastillon*;
Where, from these tumultuous *Parisians*,
I may, my Lord, recover this Misfortune.
Q. M. What, take a Journey, Sir, in this condition?
Your Death must follow: but, alas, I fear,
I fear the truth, with tears I must avow it,
My Lord, you dare not trust the King and Me.
Adm. O, do not tax me with the least Suspicion:
I must believe the Royal Majesty;
But all my fear is for my dear Companions,
And these lov'd Princes, whom the Heav'ns defend.
King. Therefore my Brother streight shall draw the Guards
Within the City, while for present Safety
I order Monsieur *Cosen*'s Company
To keep your Quarters from all fear of Tumult.
O, Father, Father, do not wound my Soul
By a distrust unworthy of us both.
Q. M. Ah, my Lord Admiral, can you imagine
That we are past all fear, or hope of Mercy,
That there's no Conscience, no regard of Vows,
No Grace, no Reverence, fear of Heav'n, nor Hell,
Nor common Care of Fame, ev'n in this World?
King. To Bed, to Bed; let me intreat you rest.
Q. M. Nay, you shall go, my Lord, supported thus
Betwixt your Bosom-Friends: believe me, Sir,
This is not feign'd; there are not two alive
That love you more, than those that now sustain you.
Adm. Is't possible? Why, if it were dissembled,
The very Counterfeit of such a Friendship
Were worth a dying for. Alas, my Lord?
O, Madam! Why, why must this trouble be?

But

But lead me, lead your poor old Admiral,
Blind with his Tears, and faint with his Blood:
If I do well again, I'll thank you, Sir,
I'll thank you in the Field; O, grant it, Heav'n,
That I may end where no Assassins are,
And fall a Victim in the Glorious War. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Guise, Aumale, Elbeuf, Angolesme, *with* Parisians.

Gui. Look you, my Lords, this is, this is the Royal Order;
The Dukes of *Nevers* and *Montpensier*
Must wait to guard the Person of the King,
With all the Royal Regiment in Arms:
Haste, for the day begins to wear apace.
An. El. We obey. [*Exeunt ambo.*
Gui. President *Charton*, Provost *de Marchand*,
The Head of the *Parisians.*
Prof. Here, my Lord.
Gui. Provide two thousand men compleatly arm'd;
Let each particular man, on his left arm
Wear a Shirt-sleeve, and a white Cross in's Hat,
That, upon notice given, all may be ready
To execute his Majesty's Commands:
The *Eschevins* of every several Ward
See in just order and precisely set,
That upon ringing the Palace-bell,
Lights may be put directly on the instant
In every Window all throughout the Town.
Prof. It shall be done. [*Exit.*
Gui. My Lord Grand Prior,
With what Commanders we can rise, be ready
To take the Admiral's life. But see the Queen?

Enter Queen Mother, Cardinal, Anjou.

Q. M. Come, come, my Lords, let's lose no longer time;
The *Huguenots* proceed not to a Tumult,
But only vent their Fury in high words:
Therefore away. My Lord of *Guise*, your Father,
Looks from the Clouds, and cries, Revenge, Revenge.
I think 'twere better too, while you kill the Admiral,

The

The King's Grand Provoſt ſhould purſue his Wife.
Gui. The old gray Sire, the Dame, and little Babes,
I'le take 'em all together in the Neſt,
And paſh 'em till they Sprawl. You and the Cardinal
Haſte to the *Louvre*; when the Gates are ſhut,
Call the Chief *Hugonots* down, and cut their Throats.
My Lord, the Duke of *Anjou*, to your Care
The King commits the City. So Farewell,
There wants no more but ringing of the Bell. [*Exeunt Severally.*

SCENE. The City.

Lights in the Windows. The Preſident Marches his Men over the Stage: the Bell of the Palace rings out.

Enter Admiral in his Night-Gown.

Adm. The Palace Bell rings out, loud Cries of Murder,
Guns fir'd, and groans of dying men below;
The King has giv'n his Warrant for my laſt;
His Vows, his Oaths, and Altar-Obligations
Are loſt: the Wax of all thoſe Sacred Bonds
Runs at the Queens Revenge, the Fire that melts 'em.
They are no more: the Admiral's no more.

Enter Cavagnes *bleeding.*

Cav. My Lord, God calls us; Death is in the Court:
Fate, in the ſhape of *Guiſe*, all over Blood.
I ſaw your Son in Law *Teligny* dye;
Roura, the Son of Baron *des Arrets*,
With Colonel *Montaumar*, Gallant *Guerchy*,
Wrapping his Cloak about his Arm, fought on
Till he was all one wound, and ſo Expir'd:
But hark, they come!
Adm. Why, let 'em, let 'em come;
We ſhall e're long, my Friend, be worth their Envy:
To dye thus for Religion, O, *Cavagnes*,
It puts the Soul in everlaſting Tune,
And ſounds already in the Ears of Angels.
And, O, what cauſe had ever ſuch Foundation?
I tell thee that the Root ſhall reach the Center,
Spread to the Poles, and with her top touch Heav'n.

But see, they come; stand fixt, and look on Death
With such Contempt, so Masterly an Eye,
As if he were thy Slave.

Enter Besnie, Sarrabons, 4 Souldiers.

Besn. See where he stands! ha, Slaves, what makes you pause.

1 *Sould.* Kill him your self, for my part I'le not touch him.

2 *Sould.* Nor I: for my part I am sorry for what is done already.

Adm. Cowards indeed! thus to be terrified
Ev'n with the shadow of th' Admiral.

Besn. It goes against me; yet I must obey:
Sheath all your Daggers in the Traytor's Breast.

Adm. Young Man, thou oughtest to reverence these gray hairs;
But I command thee, do as thou art order'd,
Thou'lt cut but little from the Line of Life.

Besn. Dye then, dye both: now for his Wife and Children.

[*Stabs both, and Exeunt.*

Adm. Heard'st thou, *Cavagnes?* said they not my Children.

Cavag. I know not what you say; the stroak of Death
Has stun'd my sense of Hearing.

Adm. Yet let's crawl
With all our Wounds into each others Arms,
And hand in hand go Martyr'd thus to Heaven.

Cavag. I am gone, farewel. [*Dyes.*

Adm. Why dost thou shudder thus,
And gasp upon my Bosom? 'Twas his fault;
My Soul so likes her house, she's loth to part;
But, O what Builder can repair the ruines?
The Lights are choak'd, the Windows are damn'd up,
The main Beams crack, and the Foundation sinks;
Besides, the Lordly Owner warns me forth:
I come, great Master of the World and me,
And, O revenge, revenge thy Peoples blood.
A hundred thousand Souls for Justice call;
Let not the guiltless without Vengeance fall. [*Dyes.*

Enter the Duke of Guise *and* Souldiers.

Gui. So fling him down, down with him to the Court,
Expose his Carcass to the Peoples mercy,
Drag him away, and hurl him from the Window:
See all his Bastards strangled on the spot;
There's Orders for't. The *Hotel de Chastillon*
Be raz'd for ever; his Posterity

Be made incapable of bearing Office,
Or being Noble; blunt his Steeds, haste!
There's a Commission granted for the deed;
Nay, kill, as if 'twere Sport to see 'em bleed. [*Exeunt.*

SCENA ULTIMA.

The LOUVRE.

Queen Mother, Cardinal, Duke of Anjou, Colonel &c.

Q. M. Here Colonel bring forth your Prisoners,
And let me see these Leaders of the Faction.

[*The Scene draws, showing the Commanders standing with their hands ty'd behind 'em betwixt the Souldiers in a rank,*

The Count de Rochfaucalt, *Marquis de* Renel, Piles, Pluvialt, Pardillan, *and* Lavardin.

Give the Word Colonel.
D'O. Fire on 'em all. [*Shoot.*]

The Scene draws, and shews the Admiral's Body burning.

Gui. I saw the Master Villain dragg'd along
To Execution, by the Common People,
Who from the Shoulders tore the mangled Head,
Cut off his Hands, and at *Montfaucon* hung him,
Half burning, by one Leg upon the Gallows.

Enter King, Princes, Alberto Gondi.

King. O horror! horror! O thou cruel *Guise!*
O Mother! Brother! and thou Murd'ring Priest!
Dost thou not blush to sail in Seas of ruin,
To hang the Flag of a Damn'd Pyrat forth,
Yet call thy bloody Bark the Christian Church?
Or, tell me, Canst thou lay the Furies here,
Pale *Hugonots* that haunt me up and down
Through Chambers, into Closets, Beds, and Couches?
Or dar'st thou shield me, when the Admiral's Ghost
Claps to my Heart the Dagger of my Word?
Q. M. Why are you thus?

King. The Angel's words are true,
And *Charles* is near his end. O Mother! Mother!
Hear my last words, and take my dying Counsel,
Stop the vast Murder that you have begun;
For know, all Churches by Decree and Doctrine,
Kings by their Sword and Balance of their Justice,
All Learning, Christian Moral, and Prophane,
Shall by the virtue of their Mercury Rod
For ever damn to Hell those curs'd Designs
That with Religion's Face to ruin tend,
And go by Heav'n to reach the blackest end.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

FINIS.

EPILOGUE

By Mr. *Powell*.

HOW Wise are they, that can with patient ebear,
And just Reflections moderately hear,
Unmov'd by Passion, as unsway'd by Fear.
To them we Dedicate this Play to night,
That having long been Banish'd from the Light,
Hush'd and Imprison'd close, as in the Tow'r,
Half prest to Death by a Dispensing Pow'r;
To take a lawful Tryal for each Fact,
Is just come out by th' Habeas Corpus Act.
Rome's Friends, no doubt, suppos'd there might be shown
Just such an Entertainment of their own,
The Plot, the Protestants, the Stage, the Town.
But no such fear our Hugonots allarm'd,
True English Hearts are always better arm'd.
For if the Valliant in a little Town,
Batter'd, and Starving, their brave Cause durst own;
If Peasants scorning Death, can Guard our Walls,
And the mild Priesthood turn to Generals,
Britains stand firm, and in short time you'l see,
Your own, and Neighbouring Realms serene and free,
Clear'd from the choaking Fogs of Popery.
No Massacres, nor Revolutions fear,
Affairs are strangely alter'd since last year,

Infal-

Infallibility himself does run,
The Garden's weeded, and the Moles are gone.
Not Gold to Lawyers, to th' Ambitious Power,
Not lusty Switzer *to a lustful Whore,*
To Gamesters luck, to Beauty length of days,
Nor to a wrinkled wither'd Widdow praise,
Can give such Joy, as to behold once more,
An English *Army on the* Gallick *Shore.*
That this will be, the Poets Prophesie,
The Poets all were Prophets formerly.
T'inspire 'em then, give ours, to night his due,
His Tale is somewhat bloody, but 'tis true.
A Tragick Truth shown to an Honest end,
And can the Good or Wise of neither Sect offend.
Fancy and Stile, far as the rest excel,
In our Deliv'rance-Year, let no Tongue tell,
Poets the only curst on whom no Manna fell.
Plead that they may by Cæsar's *Influence breathe,*
And mix a Lawrel with his Oaken Wreath.
Then shall his Glory Flourish to the height,
Then every Pen shall Panegyrick write.
This, this was He, who blest by Sacred Pow'r,
To England *its Religion did restore,*
So firm, that Rome *cou'd never hurt it more.*

FINIS.

PROLOGUE.

WIT long oppreſt, and ſtil'd at laſt with Rage,
Thus in a ſullen mood rebukes the Age.
What loads of Fame do modern Hero's bear,
For an inglorious, long, and lazy War?
Who for ſome Skirmiſh, or a ſafe Retreat,
(Not to be dragg'd to Battel) are call'd Great.
But oh, what do ambitious States-men gain,
Who into private Cheſts whole Nations drain?
What ſumms of Gold they board, is daily known,
To all Mens coſt, and ſometimes to their own.
Your Lawyer too, that like an O Yes hauls,
That drowns the Market-Higler in the Stalls,
That ſeems begot, conceiv'd, and born in brawls;
Yet thrives: He and his Crowd get what they pleaſe,
Swarming all Term-time thro' the Strand like Bees,
They buz at Weſtminſter, and lye for Fees.
The Godly too their ways of getting have;
But none ſo much as your Phanatick Knave:
Wiſely the wealthieſt Livings they refuſe,
Who by the fatteſt Biſhopricks wou'd loſe;
Who with ſhort Hair, large Ears, and ſmall blue Band,
True Rogues, their own, not God's Elect, command.
Let Pigs then be prophane; but Bretb's allow'd,
Poſſets and Chriſtian Caudles may be good,
Meet helps to re-inforce a Brother's Blood:
Therefore each Female Saint he does adviſe,
With groans, and hums, and ha's, and gogling Eyes,
To rub him down, and make the Spirit riſe.
While with his Zeal tranſported from the Ground
He mounts, and ſanctifies the Siſters round.
On Poets only no kind Star e'er ſmil'd;
Curſt Fate has damn'd 'em every Mothers Child:
Therefore he warns his Brothers of the Stage,
To write no more to an ungrateful Age.
Think what penurious Maſters you have ſerv'd;
Taſſo ran mad, and noble Spencer ſtarv'd:
Turn then, who ere thou art that canſt write well,
Thy Ink to Gaul, and in Lampoons excel.
Forſwear all honeſty, traduce the Great,
Grow impudent, and rail againſt the State;
Burſting with ſpleen, abroad thy Peſquils ſend,
And chuſe ſome Libel-ſpreader for thy Friend:
The Wit and Want of Timon point thy Mind,
And for thy Satyr-ſubject chuſe Mankind.

Epi-

Epilogue.

THrice happy they that never writ before;
How pleas'd and bold they quit the safer shoar:
Like some new Captain of the City Bands,
That with big looks in Finsbury *Commands,*
Swell'd with huge Ale, he cries, Beat, beat a Drum,
Pox o' the French *King, uds-bud let him come:*
Give me ten thousand red Coats, and alloo,
We'll firk his Crequi *and his* Conde *too,*
Thus the young Scribblers, Mankinds sense disdain;
For ignorance is sure to make 'em vain,
But far from Vanity, or dang'rous Pride,
Our cautious Poet courts you to his side:
For why should you be scorn'd, to whom are due,
All the good Days that ever Authors knew.
If ever gay, 'tis you that make 'em fine;
The Pit and Boxes make the Poet dine,
And he scarce drinks but of the Criticks Wine.
Old Writers should not for vain-glory strive,
But, like old Mistresses, think how to thrive,
Be fond of ev'ry thing their Keepers say,
At least till they can live without a Play.
Like one that knows the Trade, and has been bit,
She doats and fawns upon her wealthy Cit,
And swears she loves him meerly for his Wit.
Another, more untaught than a Walloon,
Antick and ugly, like an old Baboon,
She swears is an accomplisht Beau-garson,
Turns with all winds, and sails with all desires;
All Hearts in City, Town, and Court, she fires,
Young callow Lords, leau Knights, and driv'ling Squires.
She in resistless flattery finds her ends,
Gives thanks for Fools, and makes ye all her Friends;
So should wise Poets sooth an awkard Age,
For they are Prostitutes upon the Stage:
To stand on points were foolish and ill-bred,
As for a Lady to be nice in Bed:
Your Wills alone must their performance measure,
And you may turn 'em every way for Pleasure.

A Catalogue of some Plays Printed for R. Bently and M. Magnes.

1. *Beaumont* and *Fletcher's* Plays: in all 51. in large Fol.
2. Mr. *Shakespear's* Plays: in one large Fol. Volume. Containing 43 Plays.
3. *Tartuffe*, or the *French* Puritan.
4. Forc'd Marriage, or the Jealous Bridegroom.
5. *English Monsieur.*
6. All mistaken, or the mad Couple.
7. Generous Enemies, or the Ridiculous Lovers.
8. The Plain-Dealer.
9. *Sertorius*, a Tragedy.
10. *Nero*, a Tragedy.
11. *Sophonisba*, or *Hannibal's* Overthrow.
12. *Gloriana*, or the Court of *Augustus Cæsar.*
13. *Alexander* the Great.
14. *Mythridates* King of *Pontus.*
15. *Oedipus* King of *Thebes.*
16. *Cæsar Borgia.*
17. *Theodosius*, or the Force of Love.
18. Madam *Fickle*, or the Witty False One.
19. The Fond Husband, or the Plotting Sisters.
20. Esquire *Old-Sap*, or the Night-Adventures.
21. Fool turn'd Critick.
22. Vertuous Wife, or Good Luck at last.
23. The Fatal Wager.
24. *Andromache.*
25. Country Wit.
26. *Calisto*, or the Chast Nymph.
27. Destruction of *Jerusalem*, in two Parts.
28. Ambitious Statesman, or the Loyal Favorite.
29. Misery of Civil War.
30. The Murder of the Duke of *Glocester.*
31. *Thyestes*, a Tragedy
32. *Hamlet* Pr. of *Denmark*, a Tragedy.
33. The Orphan, or the Unhappy Marriage.
34. The Souldiers Fortune.
35. *Tamerlain* the Great.
36. Mr. *Limberham*, or the Kind Keeper.
37. Mistaken Husband.
38. Notes on th' Emperor of *Morocco*, by the Wits.
39. *Essex* and *Elizabeth*, or the Unhappy Favorite.
40. Vertue Betray'd, or *Anna Bullen.*
41. King *Lear.*
42. *Abdelazor*, or the *Moors* Revenge.
43. Town Fop, or Sir *Timo Tawdry.*
44. *Rare-en-tout*, a *French* Comedy.
45. *Moor* of *Venice.*
46. Conntry Wife.
47. City Politicks.
48. Duke of *Guise.*
49. Rehearsal.
50. King, and no King.
51. *Philaster*, or Love lyes a Bleeding.
52. Grateful Servant.
53. Strange Discovery.
54. Atheist, or the second Part of the Souldiers Fortune.
55. Wit without Money.
56. Little Thief.
57. Valiant *Scot.*
58. *Constantine.*
59. *Valentinian.*
60. Amorous Prince.
61. *Dutch* Lovers.
62. Woman Bully.
63. Reformation.
64. *Hero* and *Leander.*
65. Love Tricks.
66. *Julius Cæsar.*
67. Fatal Jealousie.
68. Monsieur *Ragou.*
69. Island Queen, or *Mary* Queen of *Scotland.*

70. Empress

70. Empress of *Morocco.*
71. Common-wealth of Women.
72. The Noble Stranger.
73. Duke of *Millan.*
74. The Knave in Grain.
75. Amends for Ladies.
76. *Mammamouchy.*
77. The Emperor of the *East.*
78. The Wedding.
79. St. *Patrick* for *Ireland.*
80. *Albumazor.*
81. The Tragedy of *Albertus.*
82. Royal King.
83. Humerous Courtier.
84. The *Hollander.*
85. Merchant of *Venice.*
86. False Count.
87. Rover, Second Part.
88. Counterfeits.
89. *Troylus* and *Cresida.*
90. *Spanish* Fryer.
91. *Lucius Junius Brutus.*
92. *Brutus* of *Alba.*
93. *Caius Marius.*
94. Siege of *Memphis.*
95. *Byron's* Conspiracy. 1. part.
96. *Byron's* Conspiracy. 2d. Part.
97. Loyal Brother.
98. Disappointment.
99. *Macbeth.*
100. *Robo* Duke of *Normandy.*
101. The Love-Sick King.
102. Maids Tragedy.
103. *Darius* King of *Persia.*
104. Woman Captain.
105. Princess of *Clever.*
106. Massacre of *Paris.*

Some Novels newly printed.

Court Secret: The First and Second Part.
Count *D' Amboise.*
Dutches of *Mazarine's* Memoirs.
Rival Princess.
Lucky Mistake.
Siege of *Mentz.*

FINIS.